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John Jameson



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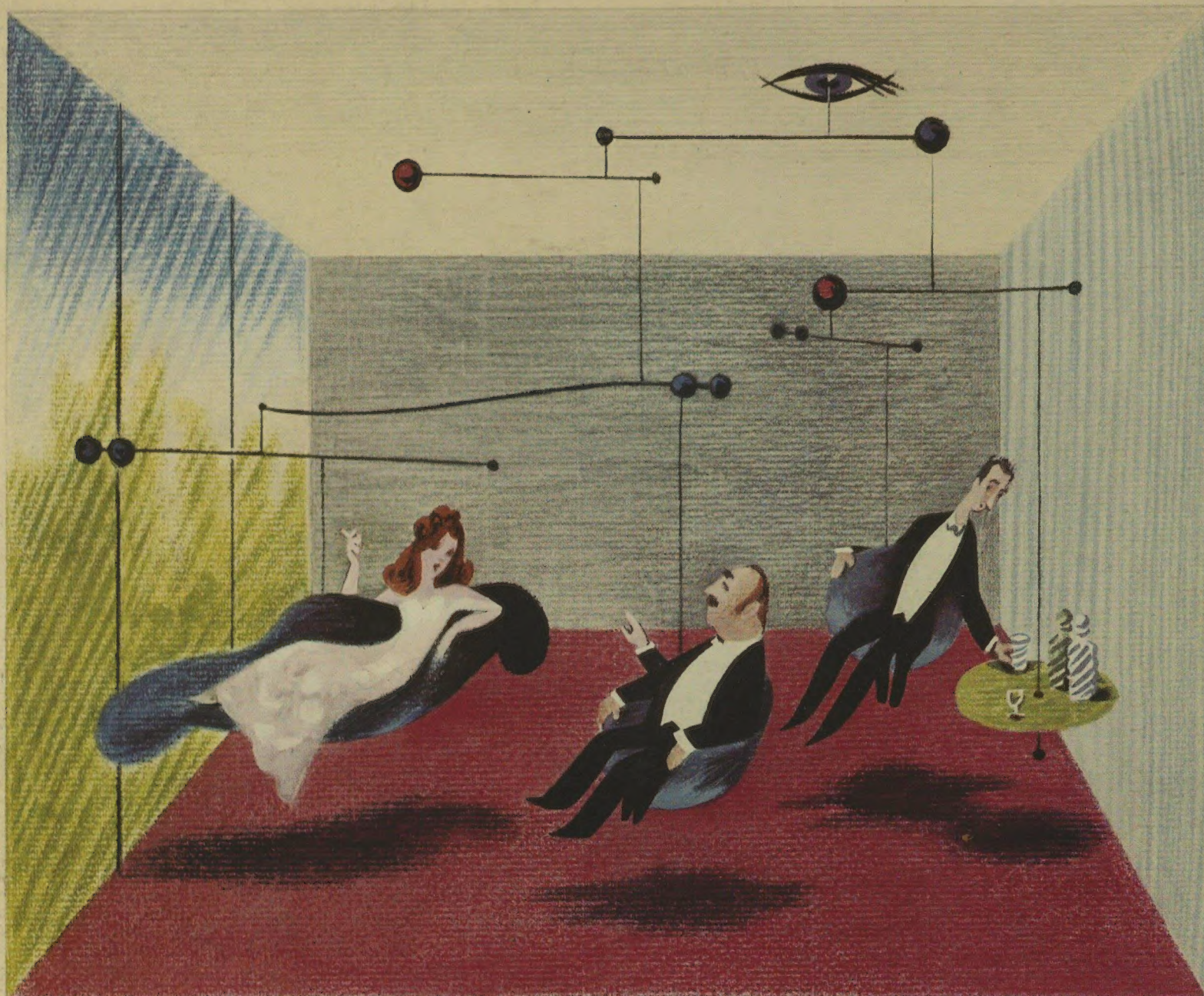
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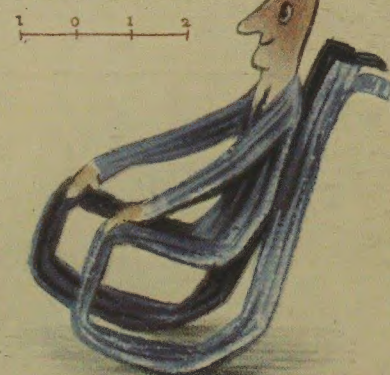
1. CONVERSATION PIECE

This glimpse at the Conversation Room of a typical home in Schweppshire shows how we try to embody the future in the present while retaining at the same time a lingering look at the past. Schweppaiev, our leading architect, has long ago dispensed with roof and walls in his buildings and these are now confined to out-of-door settings. Freedom from what has been called the carpet terminal is ensured by the elevation of seats above it, and a swing of the knee, easily practised, will bring talkers face to face or back to back as desired. A lifted finger, and the intercepted electronic eye swings the cocktail table into place. A compact gesture machine which ranges from the meditative stroke of the back of the head to the angrily pointed forefinger, enables speakers to obtain complete rest and

relaxation while talking. Note the return to nature in the airy interplay of the communing figures reminiscent of the arboreal life of our remote ancestors.

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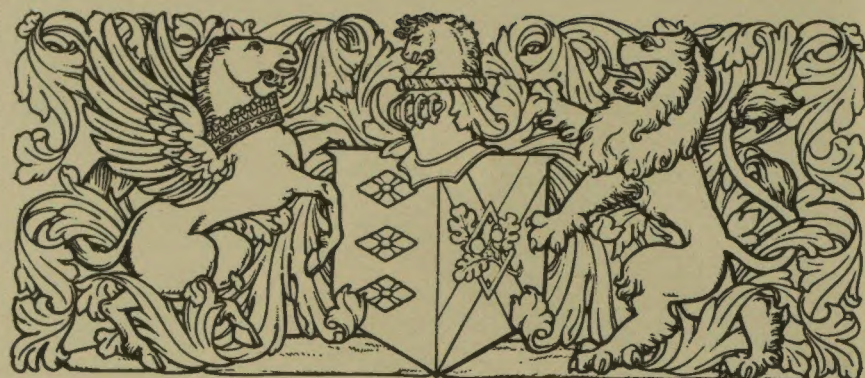
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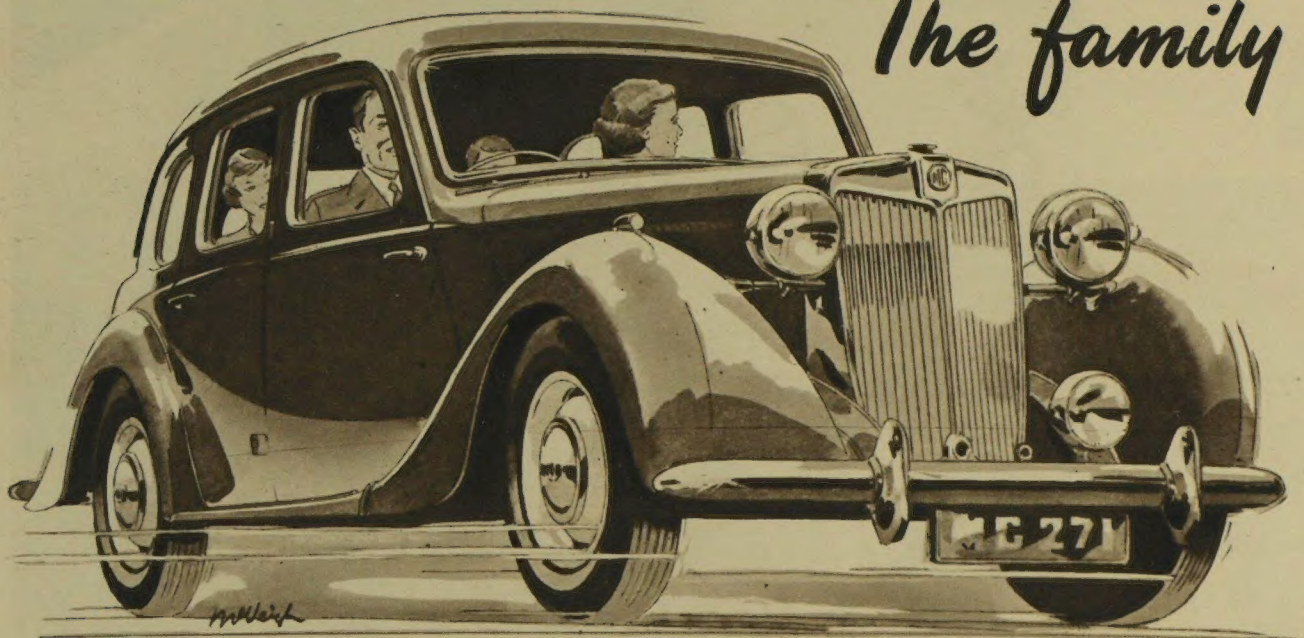
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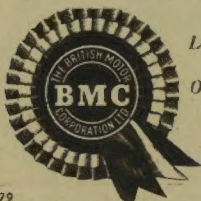
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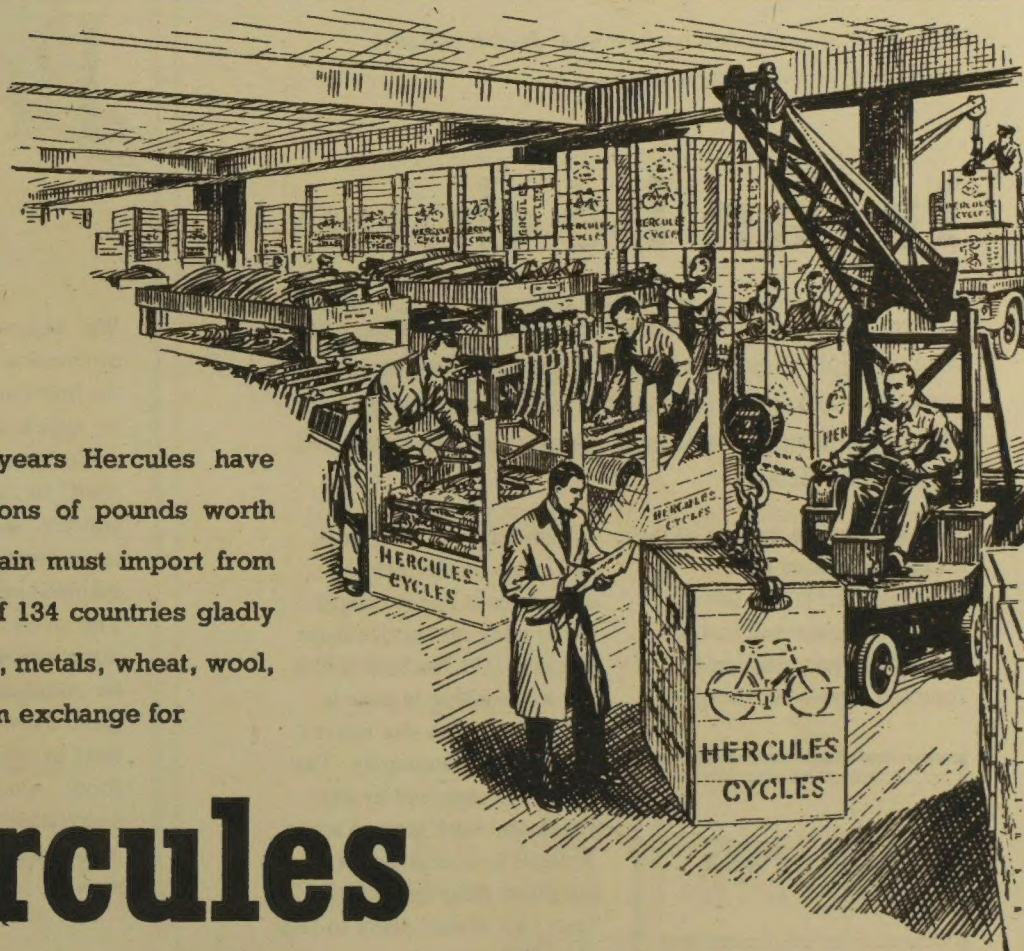


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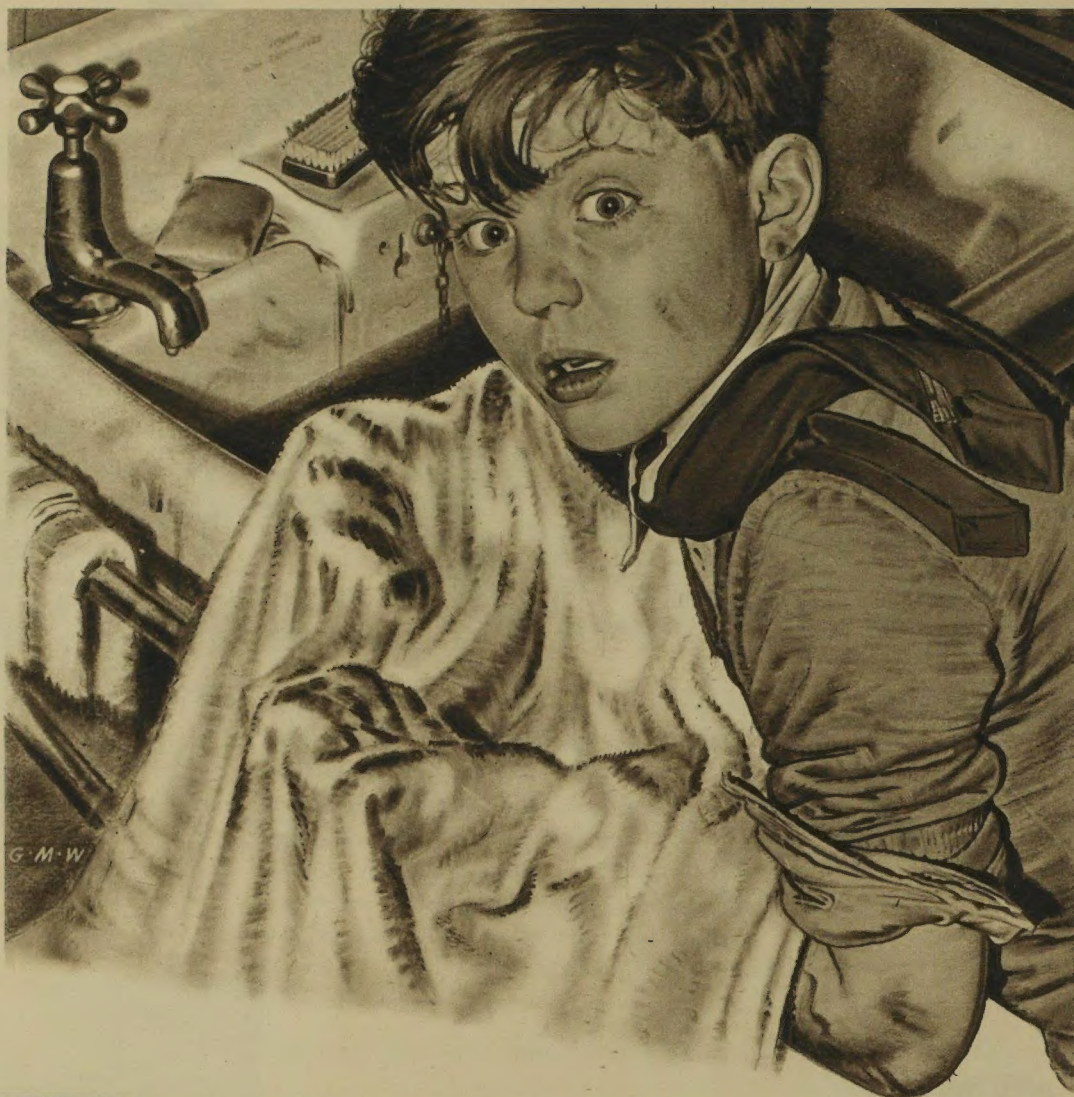


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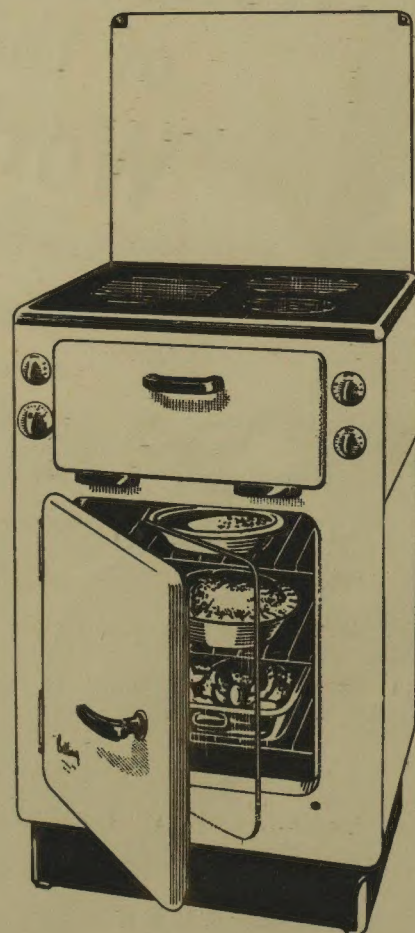
a part-finished crankshaft. Six hours on the lathe completed it and it caught the evening air service from Glasgow. At Northolt a fast car was waiting to take it 120 miles to the site where fitters were standing by. The crane was repaired by day-break and work started again. Refusal to accept defeat cut down what might have been two weeks' delay to less than 48 hours.

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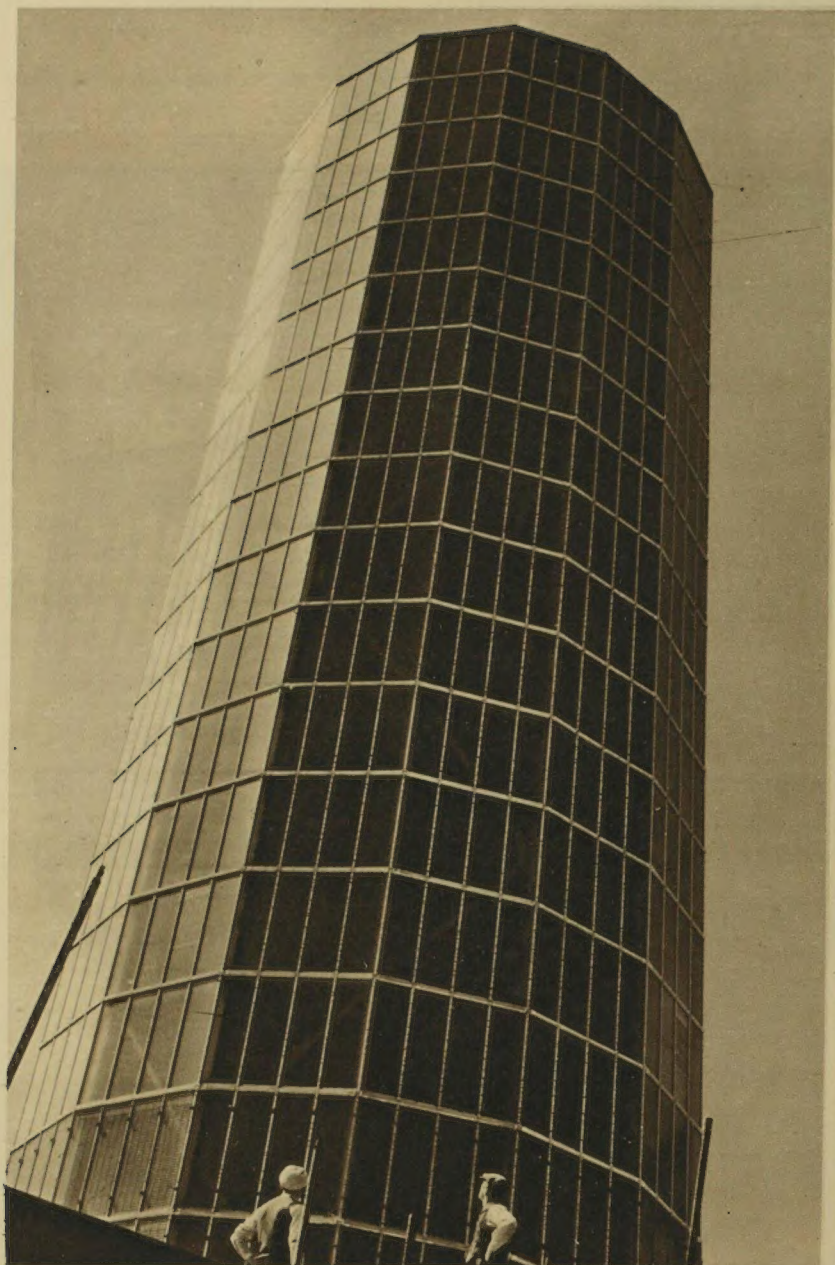
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SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1953.



THE HEAD OF THE YUGOSLAV STATE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MARCH 17: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, MARSHAL TITO, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

Marshal Tito was received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, March 17, and took lunch with her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. Earlier in the day he had visited the British Museum and the Tower of London, and then returned to the Yugoslav Embassy to change into uniform before proceeding to the Palace. He was received by her Majesty in an audience chamber overlooking the terrace. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret

were present at the luncheon, and guests included Yugoslav Ministers who had accompanied Marshal Tito to England, the Yugoslav Ambassador and Mme. Velebit, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill, the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Eden, and the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds. Marshal Tito was at the Palace for some two hours. Our group was taken in the Picture Gallery, which contains an unrivalled collection of Dutch paintings.



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, TO SEE THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET COMPANY IN "LAC DES CYGNES": MARSHAL TITO (LEFT) WITH LORD WAVERLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

MARSHAL TITO IN LONDON: VISITS TO THE BALLET, THE TOWER, COUNTY HALL, AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



LEAVING THE WHITE TOWER AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE TOWER OF LONDON: MARSHAL TITO, FOLLOWED BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE, WHO IS CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.



AT COUNTY HALL: MARSHAL TITO (CENTRE) LOOKING AT A MODEL OF GROUPS OF HOUSES FOR OLD PEOPLE. ON THE LEFT IS FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE.



LOOKING AT A MODEL OF NEW FLATS: MARSHAL TITO AT COUNTY HALL, WHERE HE SAW AN L.C.C. HOUSING SCHEMES EXHIBITION.



LOOKING AT THE CELEBRATED ROSETTA STONE: MARSHAL TITO DURING HIS VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, WHEN HE WAS CONDUCTED ROUND THE GALLERIES BY SIR THOMAS KENDRICK.



RAISING HIS GLASS TO TOAST MARSHAL TITO: MR. CHURCHILL AT THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY, WHERE HE WAS ENTERTAINED TO LUNCH.

On March 17, the first full day of his five-day visit to Britain, Marshal Tito left White Lodge, Richmond Park, where he was staying, for a visit to the British Museum. He arrived there half an hour before the Museum was open to the public, and was met by Sir Thomas Kendrick, Director of the Museum, who took him on a thirty-five-minute tour. From the British Museum, escorted by fourteen motor-cycle police, the President of Yugoslavia drove to the Tower. There he was met by Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Constable

of the Tower, and other officers. He saw the Crown jewels, and visited the Armoury and other parts of the Tower before returning to the Yugoslav Embassy, where he changed into uniform for his visit to Buckingham Palace. On March 20, the fourth day of his visit, Marshal Tito entertained Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden and other distinguished guests to luncheon at the Yugoslav Embassy. In the evening he went to Covent Garden to see a performance of "Lac des Cygnes," in which Miss Moira Shearer danced.

MARSHAL TITO IN LONDON, DUXFORD AND WINDSOR: THE R.A.F. DISPLAY, AND INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT.



MARSHAL TITO'S CAR, WITH ITS ATTENDANT ESCORT OF POLICE MOTOR-CYCLISTS, APPROACHING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR HIS LUNCHEON WITH THE QUEEN.



MARSHAL TITO PASSING THE QUEEN MOTHER'S PORTRAIT, DURING HIS VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE. RIGHT, LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD FREYBERG, V.C.; LEFT, SIR JAMES MANN.



MARSHAL TITO FIRING THE VEREY PISTOL TO START THE R.A.F. AIR DISPLAY AT DUXFORD: (LEFT, IN BOWLER HAT) LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C., AND (EXTREME RIGHT) MR. DUNCAN SANDYS, MINISTER OF SUPPLY.



MARSHAL TITO AND HIS PRINCIPAL HOSTS AT DUXFORD START TO THEIR FEET AS THEY SEE TWO METEORS CRASH IN MID-AIR DURING THE DISPLAY OF AEROBATICS.



THE TRAGEDY WHICH MARRIED THE AIR DISPLAY GIVEN FOR MARSHAL TITO: THE WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE TWO METEORS, WHICH CRASHED IN MID-AIR. THE AIRCRAFT FELL TO EARTH HALF-A-MILE APART.



AFTER LUNCHEON AT THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY, MARSHAL TITO RECEIVED FROM THREE LONDON SCHOOL-CHILDREN CONTRIBUTIONS FOR YUGOSLAV SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

The principal events of Marshal Tito's visit on March 18 were the R.A.F. display at Duxford, the visit to Cambridge University and the dinner given by Mr. Churchill at No. 10, Downing Street. At Duxford he was met by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., the Air Minister, and Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Supply, and welcomed to the airfield by Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command. A brilliant display of flying, in which the sound barrier was twice

passed, was marred by tragedy when two Gloster Meteors crashed in mid-air. Both pilots were killed. Later Marshal Tito went to Cambridge, where he was greeted by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Lionel Whitby. In the evening Mr. Churchill gave a dinner in his honour at No. 10, Downing Street. On March 20 Marshal Tito visited Windsor Castle, where he was met by Lord Freyberg, V.C., the Deputy-Governor, and Sir James Mann, Surveyor of the Queen's Works of Art.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE news about the British bomber so tragically shot down over the Berlin air-corridor by Russian fighters was something of a portent. So was the Under-Secretary of State for Air's statement in the House of Commons about our present air strength, and the First Lord of the Admiralty's statement about the strength of the Royal Navy. I do not know which of the two was the more shocking; both struck me as being about as disquieting as any news an Englishman could hear while his country still enjoys peace and liberty. For both showed how precarious that peace and liberty have become. They showed that, but for our allies and their stock of atomic bombs, we are virtually at the mercy of our enemies. And when one considers what the mercy of those enemies is, the need for action, and most drastic action, by the Government and people of this country becomes only too clear.

I am not, of course, blaming either of these unfortunate gentlemen for the terrible admissions they had to make, nor the Government of which they are members. The blame for what has occurred is not in any way theirs, but their predecessors'. Navies and air forces are not made in a day, though they can be unmade, it seems, far more quickly. But one cannot escape a feeling of concern that the House of Commons and the Government—to say nothing of the nation—should apparently take it all so very philosophically. British phlegm is an admirable virtue, but there are times when it becomes a menace to public security. There are some things a Briton has no right to be phlegmatic about. One of them is neglect of the Royal Navy. The other is neglect of the Royal Air Force. For when we neglect them, we neglect everything we treasure, honour and wish to preserve. We neglect the means of doing so.

I know it will be said that the Government and nation have already started to rearm and that we are paying vast sums in taxation to do so. But the question is—at what pace? Only last week I read a statement in the Press—I hope untrue—that a large sum of money allocated for new bombers could not at present be spent, because the Treasury held that its expenditure, for some actuarial reason, was inadmissible within the financial year. This is the kind of administrative technical thinking, of deifying means at the expense of ends, which nearly brought us to extinction during the growth of the Nazi menace in the 'thirties. As for saying that we cannot afford to be strong at sea and in the air now that we have so many other things to spend our money on—and of the two, I believe that strength in the air is, if possible, even more important than strength at sea—the only sane reply is: "How can we afford not to be?" What conceivable use or long-term value can any of the other "worth-whiles" on which we spend our money have without such strength? We could at a last pinch manage without cinemas and cigarettes, without television and a B.B.C., without newspapers and books, without a Civil Service and a National Health Organisation, without, even, I believe, an overseas Army, without almost everything except food, shelter and clothing. But to be without a Navy and Air Force capable of defending our shores, sea-borne food supplies and overcrowded cities, must involve, and at no distant date, certain destruction for all these things.

Let us try to see the thing clearly. This world—I am not speaking of any other, and I believe there to be another—is governed by force. We may not like it, but it is. It always has been. It is not ruled by wishes, needs, pious aspirations, rational arguments, analyses or statements of what ought to be. It is ruled, whatever the scientific attainments of man at the time, by instruments of force: by muscles, axes of bronze or steel,

swords, longbows, muskets, cannon, tanks, aircraft, atom-bombs. Above all, it is ruled by men who have the courage, resolution and self-mastery to risk their lives in battle. However little one may relish the fact—and many people in this country to-day find the thought most distasteful—it is true and it is inescapable. I am not suggesting that no other element but force enters into the direction of terrestrial affairs; fortunately, many other elements do. But they can only do so as and where force exists. Otherwise they remain without corporeal effect.

All the great virtues that we like to think—or wish—our country to stand for are governed in their worldly application by this rule: justice, humanity, equality, tenderness to the weak, respect for law and order, truthfulness, honesty, democratic practice. Without force, however passive and unused, to support them they are merely copy-book abstractions: fine to think about, but, so far as the daily practice of the body politic is concerned, non-existent. Those who possess force, superior force to others, can be as unjust as they please. They can accuse men of crimes they have never committed and punish them for them, they can torture their captives, they can subject men to slavery, they can violate women and torment and

slaughter children, they can flout and trample on rights and ancient prescriptions, they can lie, they can cheat, they can overthrow ballot-boxes, mock at majorities and grind the faces of the poor. Evil but strong men have done these things in the past, and they will do them, we can be sure, in the future. There is only one thing in this world that can stop them: superior force in the hands of those who love and practise justice, humanity, equality, tenderness to the weak, and all those other virtues.

That is my quarrel with England's rulers in this age: that they have forgotten this truth—one inherent in the very nature of our terrestrial existence. They have forgotten it because they have lost the power of integrated thinking; they see life unsteadily and see it in parts. Twice in less than forty years they have thrown away the mighty and, in self-disciplined and honourable hands, salvatory instrument

of air-power, to create which so much sacrifice, blood and effort were given by men whose heroic deeds deserved some better commemoration by those who ruled their country. Now, in the last decade, they have also thrown away the agelong trident of the sea; one without which Britain's existence and the continuance of all the things Britons value is not worth an hour's purchase. They have chosen to become dependent on the naval and aerial might of the United States, and have elected to do so for the sake of a mess of pottage, a packet of Virginian cigarettes, and a sluggard's forty-hour week. Politicians, Civil Servants, trade union officials, financiers, publicists, and of all parties, have shared in this guilt and betrayal. So have we, the electors, who have allowed and encouraged them to do so.

This is a world in which God helps those who help themselves. Personally, I am glad that it is so and would not have it otherwise. Thanks to American wisdom in building up atomic strength, there is probably time to repair our omission. But there is only just time. Given the necessary weapons, the British people have the same splendid courage and virtue to guard their liberties and the world's freedom and civilisation as they have shown in the past. But they can only do so if they possess the weapons. One cannot resist aggression and evil in an atomic age with fists and pikes, nor even with rifles, field-guns, tanks and destroyers. One can only resist them with swift bombers and fighters, guided missiles, warships with atomic weapons and automatic aerial support. We have been living in a fools' paradise too long. Unless we act, we shall presently find ourselves living in a fools' hell.



THE PRESIDENT OF YUGOSLAVIA AT COUNTY HALL: MARSHAL TITO REPLYING TO THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH OF WELCOME IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, WITH, ON HIS LEFT, MR. EDWIN BAYLISS, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL, AND FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE, LORD LIEUTENANT FOR THE COUNTY OF LONDON. On March 17 Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, took luncheon with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, having visited the British Museum and the Tower of London earlier in the day, and then returned to the Yugoslav Embassy, where he changed into morning dress for his visit to County Hall. He was received at County Hall by Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Lord Lieutenant for the County of London, and Mr. Edwin Bayliss, Chairman of the L.C.C., who was accompanied by Sir Howard Roberts, Clerk of the Council, and entered the Council Chamber while the band of the London Fire Brigade played the Yugoslav National Anthem. Replying in English to the Chairman's speech of welcome, Marshal Tito said: "Your capital city, your heroic and great city, like Belgrade and many other cities, has suffered great ruin in the course of the late war. Citizens of London have shown an example of determination and courage which have won the admiration of the Yugoslavs." The chairman then announced that Marshal Tito had made a personal gift of £1000 to the Council to be used for British war orphans. Before leaving, Marshal Tito was shown an exhibition of models and plans of some of the L.C.C. housing schemes.

MARSHAL TITO LEAVES LONDON: FINAL EVENTS OF A NOTABLE VISIT.



1. SURROUNDED BY YUGOSLAV CHILDREN, WHO HAD BEEN INVITED TO MEET HIM AT THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY: A PLEASANTLY INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF MARSHAL TITO.

3. WITH THE FIRST SEA LORD, SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR (RIGHT): MARSHAL TITO AT WESTMINSTER PIER BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE. MR. ANTHONY EDEN IS BEHIND HIM.

5. INSPECTING THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR AT WESTMINSTER PIER BEFORE LEAVING IN THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY LAUNCH: MARSHAL TITO.

2. AT THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY RECEPTION ON MARCH 20: MARSHAL TITO GREETING MR. WINTHROP W. ALDRICH, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR. DR. VELEBIT, THE YUGOSLAV AMBASSADOR, IS IN THE CENTRE.

4. CONVERSING WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT THE YUGOSLAV EMBASSY RECEPTION ON MARCH 20: MARSHAL TITO, WITH M. VELEBIT (PARTLY HIDDEN).

6. THE END OF A VISIT HIGHLY SATISFACTORY TO THIS COUNTRY AND YUGOSLAVIA: MARSHAL TITO ON BOARD THE P.L.A. LAUNCH WITH M. POPOVIC, YUGOSLAV FOREIGN MINISTER, NEXT TO HIM.

Marshal Tito's visit to this country ended on Saturday, March 21, and it is clear that it has resulted in a foundation being laid for future co-operation between Britain and Yugoslavia. Mr. Eden formally took leave of him on Westminster Pier in the morning. The ceremony was short. A Naval Guard of Honour and a Royal Marine Band were paraded with the Queen's Colour of the Chatham Port Division, and Marshal Tito inspected them, sent a message to the people of this country expressing his thanks for and appreciation of the hospitality accorded to him; and went aboard the Port of London Authority launch which

carried him down the Thames to embark in the Yugoslav training vessel *Galeb*, in which he sailed from the Estuary. One of the last events of the Marshal's visit was the reception at the Yugoslav Embassy on March 20. The Archbishop of Canterbury was a guest, and conversed for a while with the Marshal. Mr. Peter Smithers, M.P., who was also at the reception, stated afterwards to his constituents that he had asked the Marshal about the question of Christianity in Yugoslavia; and that he had replied that he had decided that "equality of treatment for the different faiths in his country was desirable."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

STORY TELLING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

"THE bigger the lie," said a late well-known pest of humanity, "the more it will be believed."

We can demote this aphorism from the realm of Nazi theory to the less dangerous and far more amusing underworld of collecting, and translate it as: "The more fatuous the story, the more easily will it be swallowed." Hence the appearance of Fig. 4 on this page. Once upon a time—if I am not mistaken, about twenty-five years ago—a chair like this turned up in London, and when you opened the little drawer beneath the seat you found a feather or two and a pair of cocks' spurs, the sort which were put on fighting-cocks. It was a genuine eighteenth-century chair and well worth having, but the tale got about and ever since I hear occasionally of someone who thinks he owns a "cock-fighting chair": that is, a chair used by the judge at a cock-fight. One or two people besides myself have attempted from time to time to give the *coup de grâce* to this absurd story, but it is still gospel in some quarters. Why it was even thought necessary to invent such nonsense I don't know, for a chair of this type is rare enough, and comfortable enough, to interest people by its own merits, odd though these may appear to-day. The thing is a library chair. You sit astride, facing the back, toasting your own back at the fire, leaning your elbows on the two arm-rests and supporting your book on the book-rest. Beneath the arm-rests are two small drawers which swing out, as in the photograph, to hold candles, pencils, etc. The leather covering is held in place by brass-headed nails. Sheraton shows a late type in his "Cabinet Dictionary" of 1803, and this particular chair, which you can see any day at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is of mahogany and has a special interest, for it once belonged to the poet John Gay (1685-1732). It was made presumably somewhere about the year 1720. Gay was obviously proud of it, for some manuscript verses, in which he spoke of "my throne unique" were found in the drawer beneath the seat. These verses were included in the 1820 edition of his Poems, to which an engraving of the chair forms the frontispiece.

I started out to write of chairs, not of cock-fighting, but all the same I think Fig. 1 might as well find its way in here, for it shows what fun people can have poking about in junk shops in odd corners. A week or two ago I illustrated some drawings by Henry Alken, and spoke about this lively sporting artist's popularity during his heyday; that is, from about the year of Waterloo till 1840. This bowl, which I take to be from the Liverpool factory, is decorated with a transfer from one of his cock-fighting series of prints. It is the sort of thing you would not be surprised to find almost anywhere in these islands, but I admit that if I was looking for it I should not go as far as Calcutta; but that is where my informant lives and where he found it, together with one or two quite nice Chinese and Japanese pieces. But perhaps it is rather foolish to express any surprise—our people, in

the days of John Company, transferred their amusements as well as their business interests to India, and one of the most interesting social documents of the period is the painting by Zoffany of Colonel Mordaunt and an enthusiastic crowd watching a main in India. Consequently, such a bowl as this could well be as popular an export from Liverpool as the thousand-and-one other English items which formed

(i.e., knotted woollen pile) or with leather. The last I saw, if my memory is not at fault, were several in that wonderful Great Room at Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire—one of the finest rooms in the country, by the way. The usual explanation given for their name is that when great hooped skirts came into fashion at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the ordinary chair with arms, unless exceptionally wide, was not very practical. I'm always sceptical about such specious explanations and this one does not appear to me to be very likely. Wide-hooped skirts were known well before the seventeenth century, and besides, why shouldn't it occur to someone that it might be a good thing to put a back to a stool and not put arms to it? If the term was frequently used in inventories of the period, then I admit I should have become a believer. Until I see evidence to that effect I shall, I am afraid, continue to harbour the unworthy suspicion that someone who had such a chair thought it would sound more important if he gave it a nice, romantic name. Anyway, the word has long since passed into current speech and describes this simple, early chair well enough. There are two in the Victoria and Albert Museum, this one of oak and another of walnut. I think the Hardwick Hall chairs are of walnut.

Finally: here in Fig. 3 is another seventeenth-century type which must at one time have existed also in considerable numbers and is now very rare. The trestle device for the legs is decidedly rustic, and the arms, with their shaped underparts and curve designed to support the elbows, are, to say the least, odd. This pattern is known as a "Glastonbury" chair, but in this instance the name was given for good and sufficient reason, for a much earlier chair of similar construction is in the Bishop's Palace at Wells and is said to have come originally from Glastonbury Abbey. Not, one would guess, a popular type in the average household. There is, to most modern eyes, a vaguely ecclesiastical air about it, and indeed modern versions are, or were, a favourite stock-in-trade for nineteenth-century ecclesiastical furnishes, to judge by the number of such



FIG. 1. DECORATED WITH A COCK-FIGHTING SCENE FROM A PRINT BY HENRY ALKEN: A LIVERPOOL BOWL. (Diameter 9½ ins.)
"This bowl, which I take to be from the Liverpool factory, is decorated with a transfer from one of his [Henry Alken's] cock-fighting series of prints." It was purchased in Calcutta by the present owner. By Courtesy of Mr. R. A. Macgregor.



FIG. 2. COVERED WITH SO-CALLED TURKEY WORK: A CHAIR OF THE TYPE KNOWN AS "FARHINGALE" CHAIRS.

This oak chair of the type known as "Farthingale" is covered with seventeenth-century "Turkey work." Frank Davis discusses the usual explanation for the name "Farthingale" chair, and explains why he regards it as specious.

the cargoes of outward-bound vessels.

Chairs, again, please. In connection with an oddity which stands in Shere Church, Surrey (described in our March 14 issue)—a chair of which the back is obviously formed from a carving intended for another purpose—I illustrated some other seventeenth-century chairs made of turned oak. Here (Fig. 2) is one of those rare and very simple padded chairs which no doubt existed by the hundred until later generations found them hopelessly out of fashion, and which are known as "Farthingale" chairs. You will be fortunate indeed if you come across even one in its original condition—still more fortunate if it is covered with seventeenth-century so-called "Turkey work"



FIG. 3. A TYPE GREATLY ADMIRER BY NINETEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH FURNISHERS: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY OAK "GLASTONBURY" CHAIR.

"This pattern is known as a 'Glastonbury' chair, but in this instance the name was given for good and sufficient reasons, for a much earlier chair of similar construction is in the Bishop's Palace at Wells and is said to have come originally from Glastonbury Abbey."

Illustrations of the three chairs by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

things to be seen behind altar-rails. In fact, and this is strange, the type seems to have originated in Northern Italy. The rather loose way we have of describing these things occasionally leads to misunderstanding. What I call "trestle type" here I have heard referred to as "X shape," but this last convenient label is normally and, I think, correctly, applied to an entirely different sort of chair—something that is X shape when seen from the front, not from the side. The pattern comes originally from Roman times, but such chairs are seen fairly frequently in mediaeval manuscripts and were made in a more luxurious style in the seventeenth century. There are some at Knoke; there were some sold amid the Royal effects by the Commonwealth after the execution of Charles I., and there is a very fine example in the Victoria and Albert Museum, upholstered and velvet-covered, which was once owned by Archbishop Juxon, who attended Charles on the scaffold. From the circumstance grew the legend, for which there appears to be no other foundation, that this was the actual chair upon which the King sat during his trial. One more example of our love for romance rather than for fact.



FIG. 4. NOT A "COCK-FIGHTING CHAIR"—BUT A LIBRARY CHAIR: A FINE EXAMPLE ONCE OWNED BY THE POET JOHN GAY.

This type of chair is sometimes incorrectly called a "cock-fighting chair." It is a library chair in which "you sit astride, facing the back, toasting your own back at the fire, leaning your elbows on the two arm-rests and supporting your book on the book-rest." This particular example is of mahogany and once belonged to the poet John Gay (1685-1732).

NOW BEING REMODELLED FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: QUEEN VICTORIA'S IMPERIAL STATE CROWN.



SET IN THE FRONT OF THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN, WHICH IS NOW BEING REMODELLED FOR THE CORONATION ON JUNE 2: THE SECOND LARGEST PORTION OF THE *STAR OF AFRICA* BEING EXAMINED.



SET IN ONE OF THE FOUR CROSSES-PATÉE SURMOUNTING THE RIM OF THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN AND IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THE PORTION OF THE *STAR OF AFRICA*: THE LARGE SPINEL RUBY OF IRREGULAR DROP-LIKE FORM, WHICH BELONGED TO THE BLACK PRINCE, HELD IN POSITION AGAINST THE FRAMEWORK OF THE CROWN.

THE Imperial State Crown, which will be used at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. on June 2, is now being remodelled by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. It will be worn by her Majesty during the later stages of the ceremony, after she has been crowned with St. Edward's Crown, and subsequently on State occasions. It was originally made for the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and was the only crown used at her Coronation and that of Edward VII. The Crown of St. Edward was restored to its rightful place in the ceremony at the Coronation of George V. Originally the Stuart sapphire, bequeathed to George III. by Cardinal York, occupied the position now taken by the Second *Star of Africa*; but it is now placed on the reverse side of the rim. Other jewels of historic interest are the Black Prince's spinel ruby, which was presented to him by Don Pedro, the King of Castile, in 1367; the large sapphire in the cross-patée surmounting the crown, which is said to have come out of the ring

(Continued below.)



THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN DISMANTLED FOR REMODELLING: SHOWING, ON LEFT, THE CIRCLER WITH ONE OF THE ARCHES IN FRONT AND, WITHIN THE STRINGS OF PEARLS WHICH ARE SET ROUND THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE RIM, THE BLACK PRINCE'S RUBY, THE SECOND *STAR OF AFRICA*, AND THE STUART SAPPHIRE, AND BEHIND THEM THE CROSS-PATÉE WITH THE SAPPHIRE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR AND THE MOUND.



MADE FOR THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND NOW BEING REMODELLED FOR USE AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN, SHOWING THE SECOND *STAR OF AFRICA* AND THE BLACK PRINCE'S RUBY IN POSITION.

Continued.] of Edward the Confessor; and four large, egg-shaped pearls which depend from the points of intersection of the arches at the top of the crown and were, according to tradition, Queen Elizabeth I.'s earrings. In addition, the crown

contains four rubies; eleven emeralds; sixteen sapphires; 277 pearls and 2783 diamonds. The jewelled arches of silver are worked into a design of oak-leaves and acorns. The crown is worn with an ermine-bordered Cap of Maintenance.

AN ATOMIC BOMB STRIKES "NOTHING" AND ITS DUMMY INHABITANTS.



"THE TOWNSHIP OF NOTHING": THE PAIR OF HOUSES, INHABITED BY HUMAN DUMMIES, AND THE CLUSTER OF CARS, WHICH WERE SUBJECTED TO THE EFFECTS OF ATOMIC EXPLOSION ON MARCH 17, AT YUCCA FLATS.



AFTER THE ATOMIC TEST OF MARCH 17: THE NEARER HOUSE (1320 YARDS FROM THE BURST). ALTHOUGH A WOODEN FRAME HOUSE IN THE OPEN, IT ESCAPED BURNING.



THE INHABITANTS OF "NOTHING": A GROUP OF DUMMIES, REPRESENTING AN AMERICAN FAMILY, IN THE HOUSE, WHICH STOOD 1½ MILES FROM THE BURST. TAKEN BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



INSIDE THE NEARER TEST HOUSE AFTER THE ATOMIC BURST, SHOWING A DUMMY "FAMILY" LYING AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF THE FRAME HOUSE. THE PHOTOGRAPH, HOWEVER, GIVES NO IDEA OF RADIOACTIVITY EFFECTS.



"SLEEPING IN THE SHADOW OF AN ATOMIC BOMB": A PROSTRATE DUMMY IN THE FURTHER OF THE TWO HOUSES AT THE MARCH 17 TEST. THROUGH THE WINDOW CAN BE SEEN THE TEST TOWER.

FOR the testing of an "atomic device" (equivalent to 15,000 tons of T.N.T.) at Yucca Flats, Nevada, the "Township of Nothing" was built. This consisted principally of two frame houses, one three-quarters of a mile from the burst, the other two miles away. These houses were furnished and stocked with dummy human beings; and were equipped with various types of shelter now under test. Some 100 cars were parked at varying distances from the tall steel tower on which the "device" was exploded; and there were thousands of

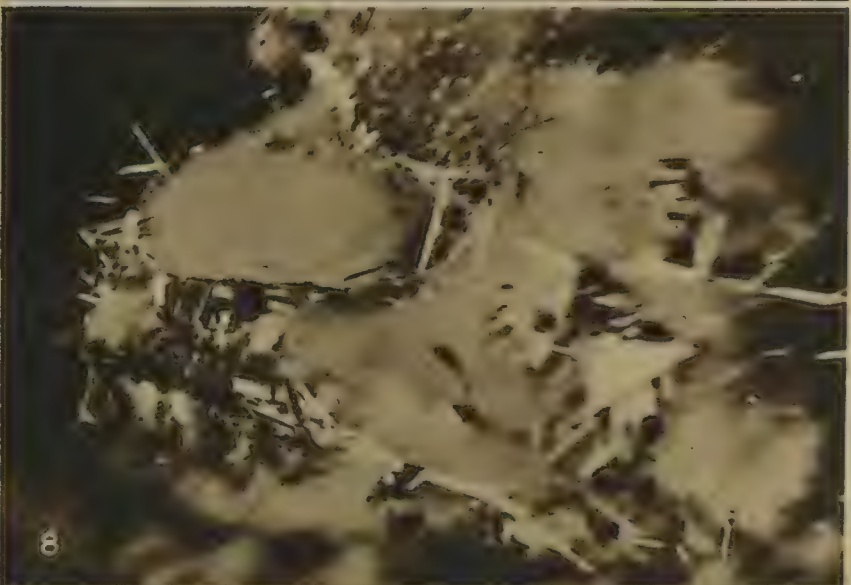
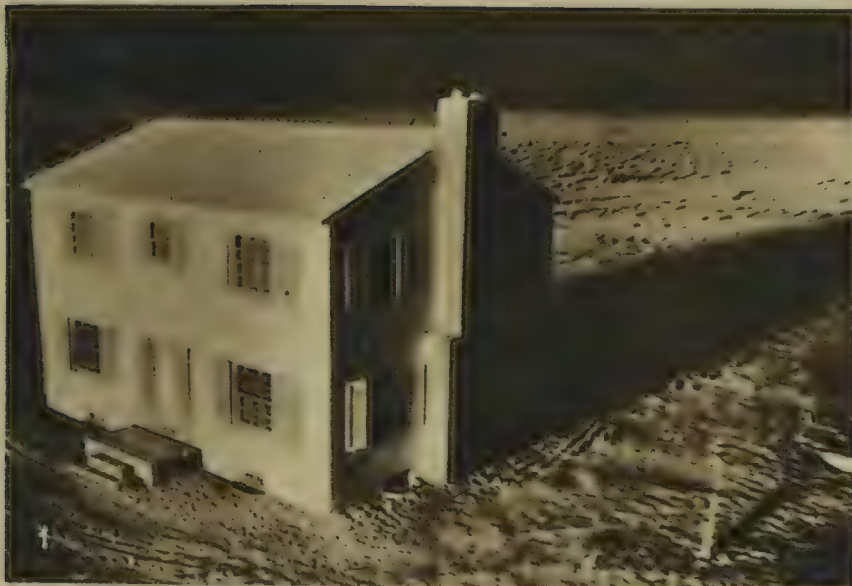
[Continued below.]



IN THE BASEMENT SHELTER OF THE NEARER HOUSE, AFTER THE ATOMIC EXPLOSION. HERE THE SLOPING WOODEN TIMBERS HAD DEFLECTED THE DÉBRIS FROM THE HUMAN DUMMY.

troops in trenches about 3500 yards away. The explosion, which took place in the early hours of St. Patrick's Day (March 17), was witnessed on television by an estimated 8,000,000 viewers, with the idea of educating the public in atomic

civil defence. The troops were unhurt, cars and military vehicles were little damaged, the nearer house was destroyed except for one standing wall, but the further house appeared to suffer only superficial damage.



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ATOMIC BLAST STRIKES AN UNPROTECTED WOODEN-FRAME HOUSE AT A DISTANCE OF THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE: A NUMBERED SEQUENCE OF EVENTS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM 60 FT. AWAY BY AN AUTOMATICALLY-OPERATED CAMERA DURING THE YUCCA FLATS ATOMIC TEST OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

HOW ATOMIC BLAST SHAKES AND TEARS A WOODEN-FRAME HOUSE TO PIECES: A UNIQUE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

Perhaps the most interesting aspects of the atomic test explosion of St. Patrick's Day (March 17) at Yucca Flats, Nevada, were its effects on the "Township of Nothing," the group of two houses and a number of shelters, cars and other "guinea-pig" objects. Fig. 1 shows the nearer of the houses, photographed from the side which faced the full shock of the blast. It was a typical American wooden-frame house, but untypically set up alone and unprotected in a level

desert. Figs. 2-8 show the successive effects of the blast. In Fig. 2, it will be noticed that fire has been started, with smoke pouring up the walls, but, perhaps as a direct result of the violence of the blast, effects of burning do not seem remarkable. In this connection, the photographs of the ruins of this house and of the shelter in its basement, taken some time after the explosion (which appear on page 473), are very interesting.

A GREAT ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER.

"SALISBURY, 1830-1903. PORTRAIT OF A STATESMAN"; By A. L. KENNEDY, M.C., M.A.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL'S admirable biography of her father was never completed; she wrote four volumes, but did not cover his last ten years or his last tenure of the Premiership. This will probably not affect the "general reader" directly. The "general reader" may purchase these many-volumed lives of eminent or notorious statesmen in order to adorn his library-shelves and hoodwink

himself into the belief that what he owns he must have read; but few are those who go through them from cover to cover. I remember once asking a Conservative Prime Minister (between his terms of office) if he was familiar with a certain passage in the "Life of Disraeli" by Monypenny and Buckle, one of the most readable and instructive biographies in the language; his reply was that he "had dipped into the book" but didn't really know it. That was quite comprehensible. Men of affairs, once they have become deeply immersed in affairs, have very little time to spare, and must get into arrears with their reading. So does the "general reader,"

also immersed, once youth and young manhood is past, in his own affairs. The result is that these large biographies are mainly useful, like the Calendars of State Papers, and other such voluminous records, as magazines of information for the authors of smaller and more succinct works. Lady Gwendolen's volumes are termed "indispensable" by Mr. Kennedy; he has made such good use of them that his own book will be considered "indispensable" by those who wish to know about Lord Salisbury and have no time (in Macaulay's phrase about Nare's ponderous "Life" of Salisbury's ancestor, Lord Burghley) for compositions which would have been "deemed light reading in the age of Hilpa and Shalum."

There are people who think that the Victorian Age was an age of perfect sunshine. Internationally it certainly was an age of comparative sunshine. There was no major war for a hundred years; and, by the time that I was a young man, peace seemed the normal state of mankind, only inconspicuously broken by fracas on the North-West Frontier and by conflicts, far-away, in which we were not involved, between China and Japan, Japan and Russia, America and Spain. But those of us who have long memories, and have had the time in which to acquire long memories, know that the minds of thinking men were at least as much worried during Queen Victoria's time as they are now. The French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution had troubled the waters. The Reform Bill had inaugurated a threat against the traditional British Constitution which led to Asquith's first "curbing of the power of the House of Lords" and then to Attlee's later move towards Single-Chamber Government, with a Single Chamber undoing during one Parliament what it has done during the Parliament before. After the affair of the Duchies, when the British Government missed its opportunity of checking the rising power of Prussia, Germany was an increasing menace. In the East, Russia was an increasing menace. The Irish problem was unsolved and the Irish vote in the British House of Commons was a weight which could be thrown into one scale or the other, not ever for the advantage of any British

cause, but for the promotion of Irish independence. I find it difficult to persuade my juniors of this, but the outlook seemed just as black when I was young as it does now. But when they reply: "At any rate, the tax-collectors took away only a small part of your income," I have no reply.

There were men in that partly Golden Age who didn't worry at all. Lord Salisbury was not one of

those. A tall, delicate boy, who developed into a six-foot-four man of ponderous weight who shook the rafters of Hatfield as he walked about it, he was unhappy at Eton, had to go round the world for his health, crept through Oxford, was uncertain as to what to do in life, was given a family seat, discovered that he had profound convictions, which he expressed in "Quarterly" articles, succeeded to Hatfield and the Marquisate because his elder brother died, and was, as it were, forced into eminence not so much by outer circumstances as by the strength of his own beliefs.

He disliked social parties; he was no clubman or sportsman; he took to agriculture because it was his duty as a landlord; he didn't begin addressing large public meetings of ignorant voters until he found

recluse. Yet sheer force of character took him ahead of all his contemporaries; and he combined the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords, which has never been done since his time.

He did not want to get into the House of Lords. He felt that the powers of the House of Lords had waned. But he believed in that House and its constitution. It was there, he maintained, as a check; not to put off for ever the decisions of the electorate, but to hold them up until it became clear that they were permanently meant. And as for its hereditary nature, he held that only those who thought they had something to contribute attended its debates, and that they might well be the sort of people who were

not put into the House of Commons by a fleeting majority. He was no man for Paper Constitutions: if a thing worked, it was good enough for him. But if a thing worked here he did not think it would necessarily work anywhere. Had he heard about the scheme for a House, a Speaker and a Mace in West Africa, some caustic sentence would have sprung from his lips which would have been greeted with remarks about "flouts and gibes and jeers." It wouldn't have been meant so; it would have been meant as common sense.

No man in our history has had such long and complicated Foreign Affairs to deal with—though Mr. Churchill must be coming near it. They included the wild scramble for Africa. But no man could have been more steadily guided.

When Gladstone, a man whose politics he detested, died, Salisbury made a speech in the House of Lords. "It was," he said, "on account of considerations more common to the masses of human beings, to the general working of the human mind, than any controversial questions of policy that men recognised in him a man guided—whether under mistaken impressions or not, it matters not—but guided in all the steps he took . . . by a high moral ideal. What he sought were the attainments of great ideals; and, whether they were based on sound convictions or not, they could have issued from nothing but the greatest and the purest moral aspirations; and he is honoured by his countrymen, because through so many years, across so many vicissitudes and conflicts, they had recognised this one characteristic of his action, which has never ceased to be felt. He will leave behind him the memory of a great Christian statesman. . . . He will be long remembered not so much for the causes in which he engaged or the political projects which he favoured, but as a great example, to which history hardly furnishes a parallel, of a great Christian man."

Salisbury understood Gladstone; perceived his great courage and idealism and was sorry for his delusions. Gladstone always had a tinge of Rousseau about him, who saw a great light and discovered that men were made good and only institutions had made them bad. Salisbury knew better. He had a better hold both on human history and on the bases of Christian doctrine. He was aware, in Chesterton's phrase, that if you want to prevent a white wall from turning black you must keep on painting it white.

The book is very well written; keeps a firm hold on its subject; and includes enough of Salisbury's wise and witty remarks to furnish out a Calendar.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 494 of this issue.



LORD SALISBURY IN OLD AGE.

From a photograph in the possession of the author's father. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Salisbury, 1830-1903. Portrait of a Statesman"; by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.



LORD SALISBURY AT THE AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT.

Portrait by the German artist Anton von Werder. Painted as a study for the head of Lord Salisbury in the picture of the Berlin Congress, 1878, which was commissioned by the Emperor William I.

By kind permission of the 5th Marquess of Salisbury.



WHERE LORD SALISBURY KEPT HIS CONFIDENTIAL PAPERS: A RECESSED ALCOVE APPROACHED BY A GALLERY IN HIS STUDY AT HATFIELD. THE GALLERY ITSELF COULD ONLY BE REACHED BY THE LADDER, WHICH WAS REMOVED EVERY NIGHT.

By kind permission of the 5th Marquess of Salisbury.

that he simply had to, and then he did it with remarkable success, as they knew an honest man when they saw one. His private hobbies were scientific: his house was the first in England lit by electric light, and he had a laboratory in the basement at Hatfield. He had a faculty for speaking out his mind which led him to be called "a master of flouts and jeers and gibes," though he never jeered for jeering's sake, but merely expressed his mind concisely. He was reserved and, so far as a Prime Minister can be, a

* "Salisbury, 1830-1903. Portrait of a Statesman." By A. L. Kennedy, M.C., M.A. Illustrated. (John Murray; 25s.)



THE "ATOMIC DEVICE"—EQUIVALENT TO 15,000 TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE—IN A MOMENT OF TIME AFTER ITS FISSION, SHOWING THE FIREBALL, AND FOUR UNEXPLAINED COLUMNS.

THE ATOMIC BURST WHICH 8,000,000 U.S. VIEWERS SAW: A TEST FOR C.D. MEN AND MATERIALS.



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE MARCH 17 EXPLOSION. THE FIREBALL HAS GONE AND THE MUSHROOM CLOUD—PURPLE, GREEN AND BLUE—SOARS UP TO AN ESTIMATED 40,000 FT.



ABOUT TEN MINUTES AFTER THE EXPLOSION. A WEST WIND IS PUSHING THE COLUMN EASTWARDS AND THE FAMILIAR MUSHROOM CAP IS FLOATING AWAY FROM THE COLUMN.



THE MOMENT OF FISSION: THE BLINDING LIGHT OF THE EXPLOSION FILLS THE DAWN SKY, AND SILHOUETTES BUILDINGS IN LAS VEGAS—ABOUT NINETY MILES AWAY.



DAWN ON YUCCA FLATS ON MARCH 17—WITH U.S. CIVIL DEFENCE LEADERS AND JOURNALISTS AT NEWS NOB (SEVEN MILES FROM THE EXPLOSION) GAZING AT THE FIREBALL.

The atomic test of March 17 at Yucca Flats Testing Ground in the Nevada desert, reported here and on pages 470 and 471, seems to have been designed to test military and civilian *matériel*, to habituate troops to atomic explosions and to familiarise both civilian defence officials and the general American public with atomic effects. The explosion was very successfully televised, and was witnessed in that way by an estimated 8,000,000 viewers; civil defence observers were

present and various types of shelter were tested, as well as two frame houses; and very large numbers of troops were in the immediate vicinity. It is reported that more than 1000 soldiers took up positions in slit trenches about two miles away from the explosion and, using special equipment, "captured" the dummy township within an hour of the moment of fission. The "atomic device," as it was called, was exploded on a steel tower, 300 feet high.

IN the last few months many writers have invited comparisons between "the new Elizabethan age" and that which must henceforth be called "the first Elizabethan age." Some have shown themselves purely sentimental. Those who have clung to realism have pointed out that we can hardly hope for a revival of the old Elizabethan spirit unless more room is provided for private ambition. In that is to be found the sharpest spur driving the old Elizabethans forward. Place, land, money, adventure—they sought these eagerly, and adventure was more often than not undertaken with a view to obtaining one or all of the other three. Noble as were their enterprises, a material vein ran through them. They took great risks, gambling with their resources as with their lives. One of the noblest among them, Philip Sidney, was among the heaviest gamblers, and when he died in the Low Countries he was hopelessly deep in debt. For humbler men who failed the result was misery and often destitution. It is not unreasonable to condemn the selfish element in the Elizabethan spirit. It is wholly unreasonable to suppose that it can be re-created with the element of private enterprise omitted.

Nowhere does the achievement of the reign of Elizabeth I. appear grander than in war. The material for waging war was, to begin with, unpromising. The military art was at a low ebb in England and lagged behind that of the Continent. We clung to the bow when others had abandoned it. English and Welsh soldiers had the reputation of being hard fighters, but the country had no military prestige. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth's brother, Edward VI., the Lord Protector Somerset had hired large numbers of German and Italian mercenaries to put down internal revolts. At sea, command of the Channel had been precarious or lost outright in the reign of Henry VIII. He had displayed one piece of foresight in mounting in his ships heavier guns than were usual at the period, and in this his example was followed, though its importance may not have been fully realised. In the Army the musket, fired from a forked staff resting on the ground, was not adopted until years after it had been taken into use by the Spaniards.

If Elizabethan sailors often went to war in a spirit of high adventure, this cannot be said of Elizabethan land soldiers. Only a small proportion of them were volunteers. The remainder were recruited by an arbitrary method of conscription. The sheriff or the lord lieutenant was bidden to produce so many men; he commonly did so by laying hands upon unemployed, or vagabonds at the fairs, or "loose persons" whom the community would be well rid of. Sometimes he took prisoners out of the gaol. When the country had to equip them it scamped the business. We find the Privy Council writing indignantly to the Lord Lieutenant of Radnor: "The men were taken out of the gaols and of rogues and vagrant persons, evil armed and sent forth so naked, without hose or shoes, as they are not in any way fit for service, besides of that lewd behaviour as they had like to have mutinied and made an uproar in the town." As a consequence, desertion was on a vast scale, though not so much on campaign as on the road to the coast or at the port while awaiting embarkation. The recruits went through the hands of their conducting officers like liquid through a sieve.

Yet these troops, generally unwilling and in some cases "tossspots and ruffians," fought bravely in the Low Countries, in Normandy and Brittany, and on the soil of Spain herself at Cadiz. They faced with credit the greatest captain of his age, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, and his veteran troops. At one stage defeated repeatedly in Ireland and in danger of being driven out of the country altogether, they finally broke Tyrone's rebellion, though supported by a formidable Spanish force, to fragments. If the Elizabethan Army never produced any really great commander with the exception of Lord Mountjoy, in Vere, John Norris, Roger Williams and others it produced gallant and able leaders, whose names became known throughout the military world. To-day they are not recalled as vividly as those of Howard, Drake and Hawkins at sea, but some of their exploits are almost as memorable. They made up for lost ground, so that by the end of the reign they were as up-to-date and skilled in tactics as those of nations which had started far ahead of them.

Not that Elizabeth I. and her advisers were military reformers. They worked within the concepts of their time and accepted the defects of these as inevitable.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FORCES OF ELIZABETH I. AND ELIZABETH II.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Many writers have accused the Queen of neglecting and even of starving her forces. She was indeed close-fisted, but she was hampered by an archaic financial system and also by corruption and carelessness which not all her efforts eradicated. At least, as my friend Mr. A. L. Rowse points out, she did not go bankrupt, whereas Philip II. of Spain did, or virtually so—and he had what we may call "hard currency," American gold, at his disposal. And reforms were carried out. In many cases, for example, the Government took over the provision of arms and clothing for the troops, though if it did it continued to make the counties pay for the arms and armour and hand over the "coat money," which represented three-quarters of the cost of the clothing. The supply of food was put into the hands of substantial London contractors, and there is evidence to show that a great improvement in quantity and quality resulted.

A MINIATURE REPRESENTATION OF ELIZABETH I. WITH HER TROOPS.



DELIVERING HER FAMOUS SPEECH AT TILBURY BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ARMADA: QUEEN ELIZABETH I.—DETAIL FROM A DIORAMA AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTION.



MEN OF THE ARMY OF ELIZABETH I. AT TILBURY IN AUGUST, 1588: DETAIL FROM THE DIORAMA REPRESENTING THE REVIEW BY THE QUEEN BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ARMADA.

"... the Elizabethan Army, improving by its own efforts and perhaps catching the spirit of confidence which imbued the seamen of that age, became a fine fighting force, even if it never became an army in the Spanish sense. It made a new name for itself," writes Captain Cyril Falls in the article discussing the Forces of Elizabeth I. and Elizabeth II. on this page. We illustrate detail from a diorama at the Royal United Services Institution in Whitehall (one of a series of "The King's Armies Through the Ages" presented by Mr. Otto Gottstein), which represents a famous military occasion in the reign of Elizabeth I.—her visit to Tilbury in August, 1588, to review 4000 men under the command of the Earl of Leicester before the approach of the Armada. She rode along the lines; and delivered her celebrated speech: "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any Prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm." Queen Elizabeth is represented mounted on a white horse, which, by the way, is traditionally believed to be the animal depicted in a sixteenth-century painting of a white horse in the collection at Hatfield House; and in the diorama there is also a representation of the Earl of Leicester.

Inspectors of the musters were appointed to see that pay was not drawn for non-existent men, and if they did not bring this practice to an end they at least made it less prevalent.

In short, the Elizabethan Army, improving by its own efforts and perhaps catching the spirit of confidence which imbued the seamen of that age, became a fine fighting force, even if it never became an army in the Spanish sense. It made a new name for itself. It saved the Dutch Netherlands from being mastered by the Spaniards at a time when the States could not have stood alone. English soldiers, whether in the pay of their own sovereign or that of the States, had to be treated with respect by any adversary. The worst reverses the Army ever suffered were at the hands of Irishmen in guerrilla or semi-guerrilla warfare; but, as I have noted, it made ample atonement for these in the last couple of years of the Queen's

reign. Armies or individual regiments nearly always fought as though they expected to win, and they generally did win.

To-day, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth II., we have an Army which is also recruited by conscription, though only as to a little more than one-half, a much smaller proportion than in the Army of Queen Elizabeth I. Desertion

is on what is by comparison a trifling scale, and the system of national service is generally accepted, without repining if without enthusiasm. Our Army's pay does not get into arrears and its food supply is regular. It, like its ancestor, had been allowed to fall into neglect when its last great war started and had dropped behind in equipment and to a great extent in military doctrine. Again these weaknesses were remedied. The Army and its leaders both reached a high standard. Though its total strength was less than that of several other national armies, its reputation became at least as high as that of any. In fact, some of the best and most experienced German commanders afterwards stated that British troops were the best they had ever encountered. In the immediate post-war years, as is often the case after great wars, discipline and bearing were not all they should have been, but there too a great improvement has taken place.

Yet the risk exists that the power of the controls under which post-war citizens have lived may weaken the initiative of the citizen soldier. Controls and welfare organisation save many a weakling and his dependants from disaster, but to some extent at the expense of the power of the nation to improvise and make the best of adversity when it comes. The nation is always reflected in its fighting forces. What came naturally to them in the age of the first Elizabeth has to a great extent to be instilled into them in the age of the second. Drill and discipline and smartness, invaluable as they are, will not of themselves suffice to create lively minor tactics, because these are the outgrowth of lively minds. One of the types of soil from which grows liveliness of mind is the struggle to make a way in the world, and in a nation the manure is to be found in reward for endeavour. In our times too often reward is given where it has not been earned by endeavour or taken away in remorseless taxation where it has. The causes of high taxation are obvious enough, and the upkeep of the armed forces is one of the chief of them; but the fact remains that no hope exists of regaining the spirit of initiative of the first Elizabethan, or of the Victorian, age, while the burden remains at its present weight.

It is really not fanciful to couple controls and taxation on the one hand with the difficulty of creating bold and skilful military tactics on the other. Self-reliance can be taught in military training, and is often successfully taught, but self-reliance in civil life is an important element in it. The young N.C.O. who as a civilian has always been told what to do will do what he is told in the Army, but, unless he is one of exceptional character—in which case he will do well in almost any walk of life—he is unlikely to do the best thing when the moment comes in which there is no one to tell him what to do. As for the link between nation and armed forces, I may quote some words I used in my books "Elizabeth's Irish Wars." "The first reason why these efforts did not fail in face of great difficulties and temporary humiliations was the strength and temper of the Elizabethan state. . . . England under Elizabeth was young and vigorous. . . . It possessed confidence enough in itself and its destiny to persevere. There is an analogy between its spirit and that of its representative, Mountjoy, when, with the Irish army at his

back, he refused to raise the siege of Kinsale."

When a people has become wearied and barely solvent as the result of a long and very costly war—and the case must be worse still when its rulers have refused to recognise that it is no longer rich and poured out its substance as though it were—its recovery cannot be swift. In the circumstances it is remarkable how well the task of building up new forces after the confusion of demobilisation has been carried out. In sheer courage these have on many occasions during the sporadic fighting which has occurred since the Second World War proved themselves the equals of the early Elizabethans. Detailed comparisons are impossible because of the differences between the organisation and the outlook of the two periods, but the armed forces of the Crown do credit to-day to their generation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth II. as did the sailors and soldiers of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I.

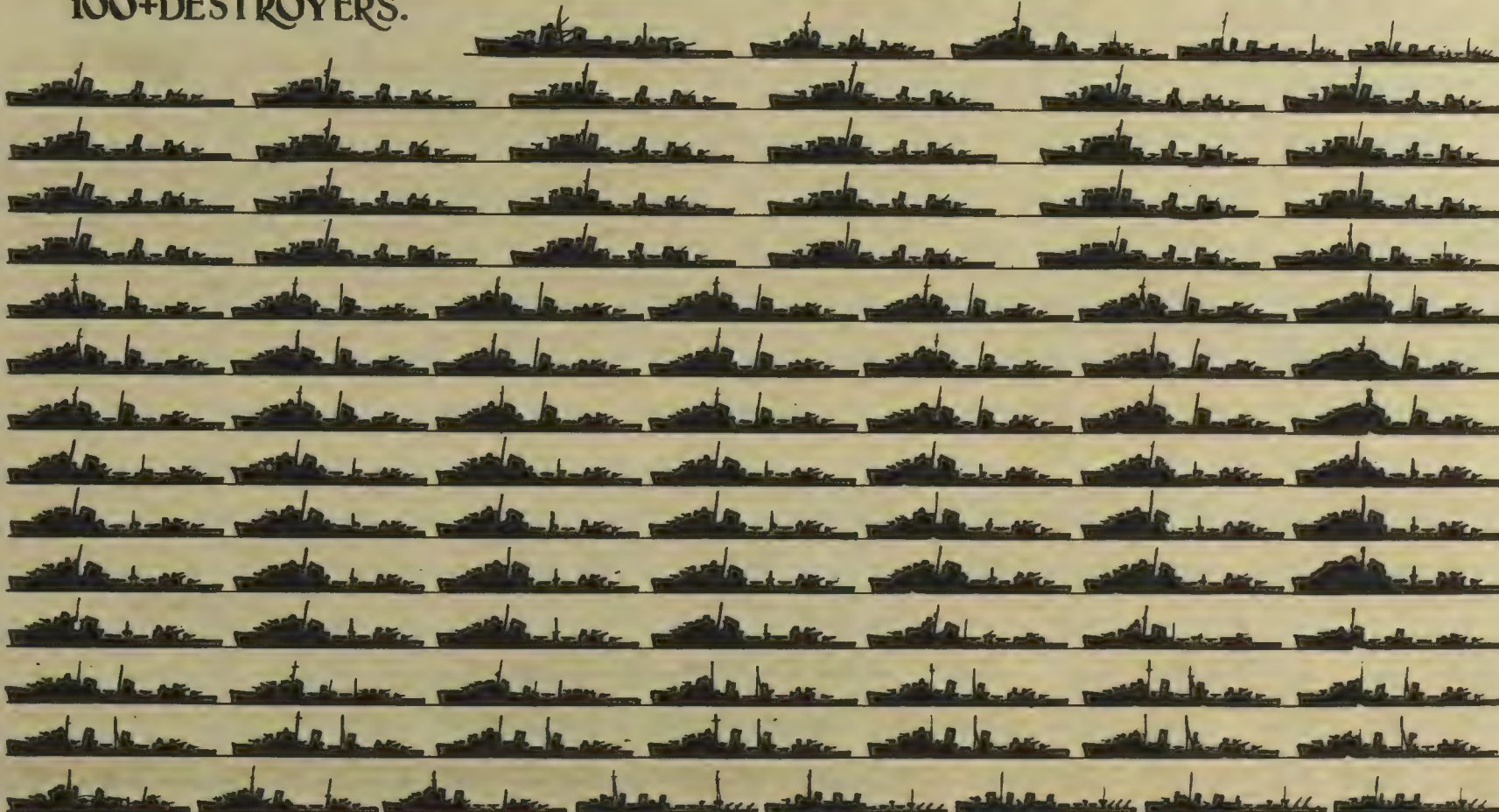
3 BATTLESHIPS.



20 CRUISERS.



100+ DESTROYERS.



370 SUBMARINES.



Richardson

NOW THE SECOND-LARGEST IN COMMISSION IN THE WORLD: THE SOVIET NAVY—WHOSE MOST POWERFUL CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN'S SEA COMMUNICATIONS LIES IN THE EVER-GROWING FLEET OF SUBMARINES.

On March 16, when presenting the Navy Estimates to the Commons, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated that the Soviet Navy was now the second-largest in commission in the world, after the United States Navy. However, if the Royal Navy's Reserve Fleet is taken into account, the overall picture is not quite as black as it appears. Britain has seven Fleet aircraft-carriers and a number of light carriers, while Russia has none, and her three battleships were launched in 1911. Britain has five battleships, only one of which was launched before World War II.—*King George V.* (February 1939). Of the Russian cruisers, two, *Krasni Krim* and *Krasni Kavkaz*, were launched in 1915 and 1916 respectively. The Royal Navy has twenty-six cruisers and three 8000-ton cruisers, *Blake*, *Defence* and *Tiger*, under construction. Of the Soviet destroyers, five were launched in 1914-15, and a number were formerly German, Italian and Japanese vessels, while the Royal Navy will have by the end of this year eight destroyers of the

Daring class (equivalent to light cruisers), in addition to eighty-nine other destroyers in service or in the reserve. Britain has fifty-three submarines and four Midget submarines, compared with the great Russian fleet of 370 underwater craft, but has a fleet of 227 frigates (many of them converted destroyers) as compared to Russia's fifty-five. In addition to the vessels shown in silhouette on this page, the Soviet Navy has fifty-eight patrol ships, 173 minesweepers, 187 coastal minesweepers and thirteen minelayers, besides ancillary vessels. According to "Jane's Fighting Ships, 1952-53," the total strength of the Soviet Navy is 520,000 officers and men, compared with the Royal Navy's total of 153,500. The Russian policy of keeping all ships manned, no matter how antiquated, need cause little concern, but the danger lies in the ever-growing fleet of submarines and commerce-raiders, which even now could strike a grievous blow at our sea communications.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. W. E. RICHARDSON.

THE 103RD UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN ACTION DURING A TRIAL: (L. TO R.) J. A. H. WALLIS (BRYANSTON AND LADY MARGARET), ROW; J. S. M. JONES (SHREWSBURY AND LADY MARGARET), NO. 2; D. A. T. LEADLEY (BEDFORD MODERN AND EMMANUEL), NO. 5; L. McCAGG (HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND EMMANUEL), NO. 6; J. M. KING (DERBY AND LADY MARGARET), NO. 7;

CHOSEN TO ROW IN TO-DAY'S CONTEST FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.



J. M. A. MACMILLAN (ETON AND FIRST AND THIRD TRINITY), NO. 2; G. T. MARSHALL (BRYANSTON AND KING'S), NO. 4; P. D. HALL (BERKHAMSTED AND CORPUS), STROKE. (INSET) B. M. EDDY (CARLISLE G.S. AND PEMBROKE), COX.

THE RACE FROM 1829 TO 1952.

Year	Winner	Course	Time	Won by
1829	Oxford	Henley	14 30	Easy
1830	Cambridge	W. to P.	36 0	1 m.
1831	Oxford	W. to P.	31 0	in 45 s.
1832	Cambridge	W. to P.	29 0	1 length
1833	Oxford	W. to P.	30 30	1 m. 4 s.
1834	Cambridge	W. to P.	30 45	13 secs.
1835	Oxford	P. to M.	23 00	30 secs.
1836	Cambridge	M. to P.	21 5	2 lengths
1837	Oxford	P. to M.	22 0	Easy
1838	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 36	Paul
1839	Oxford	P. to M.	25 39	27 secs.
1840	Cambridge	M. to P.	22 55	11 strokes
1841	Oxford	P. to M.	22 55	1 length
1842	Cambridge	M. to P.	24 40	35 secs.
1843	Oxford	P. to M.	21 23	22 secs.
1844	Cambridge	P. to M.	26 5	Cox's sank
1845	Oxford	P. to M.	23 26	1 length
1846	Cambridge	P. to M.	24 41	48 secs.
1847	Oxford	P. to M.	24 41	30 secs.
1848	Cambridge	P. to M.	24 41	43 secs.
1849	Oxford	P. to M.	21 40	20 secs.
1850	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 40	4 lengths
1851	Oxford	P. to M.	25 35	15 secs.
1852	Cambridge	P. to M.	25 35	6 lengths
1853	Oxford	P. to M.	22 56	11 lengths
1854	Cambridge	P. to M.	22 4	1 length
1855	Oxford	P. to M.	21 15	2 lengths
1856	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 15	34 lengths
1857	Oxford	P. to M.	19 35	3 lengths
1858	Cambridge	P. to M.	22 35	10 lengths
1859	Oxford	P. to M.	20 20	Easy
1860	Cambridge	P. to M.	24 8	Dead-heat
1861	Oxford	P. to M.	22 13	10 lengths
1862	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 18	34 lengths
1863	Oxford	P. to M.	21 23	3 lengths
1864	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 51	3 lengths
1865	Oxford	P. to M.	20 12	7 lengths
1866	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 18	34 lengths
1867	Oxford	P. to M.	21 39	2 lengths
1868	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 36	2 lengths
1869	Oxford	P. to M.	22 29	1 length
1870	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 52	21 lengths
1871	Oxford	P. to M.	20 48	23 lengths
1872	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 14	1 length
1873	Oxford	P. to M.	22 3	1 length
1874	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 46	1 length
1875	Oxford	P. to M.	19 21	21 lengths
1876	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 47	1 m. 4 ft.
1877	Oxford	P. to M.	21 39	34 lengths
1878	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 50	2 lengths
1879	Oxford	P. to M.	20 1	1 length

(Continued above, right.)



THE OXFORD CREW IN ACTION DURING A TRIAL: (R. TO L.) R. A. BYATT (GORDONSTON AND NEW COLLEGE), ROW; AND JESUS, NO. 5; D. T. H. DAVENPORT (RADLEY AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE), NO. 6; H. M. C. QUICK (SHREWSBURY

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is one of the most popular annual events, not only in London, where crowds line the banks of the Thames loudly supporting the crew of their choice, but all over the country, where the outcome is awaited with great interest. Since the first race in 1829, which took place at Henley, Cambridge

have won fifty-five times. Oxford have won forty-six times and there was one dead-heat in 1877. Since World War II, (1946) Cambridge have had five wins to their credit and Oxford two. On this page we show the two crews as on March 23. Cambridge have two members of the crew who rowed in last year's race: J. S. M.

A. J. SMITH (MELBOURNE G.S. AND MERTON), NO. 2; J. M. WILSON (ST. EDWARD'S AND TRINITY), NO. 3; E. C. B. HAMMOND (CLIFTON AND BRASENORSE), NO. 4; M. L. THOMAS (CLIFTON AND MERTON), NO. 7; J. S. HOWLES (NEWCASTLE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE), STROKE. (INSET) W. R. MARSH (ST. EDWARD'S AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE), COX.

Jones and G. T. Marshall. Oxford also have two members of their last year's crew: M. L. Thomas and H. M. C. Quick. The week ending on March 21 was an important one at Putney. It saw the lowering of three important records. Cambridge claimed the first, returning 4 mins. 2 secs. for the stretch from Putney Bridge

to the Mile Post, beating the previous record by one second. Oxford rowed from Hammersmith to Chiswick Steps in 3 mins. 37 secs., breaking the Cambridge crew record of 1938 by 5 secs.; Oxford later rowed from Chiswick Steps to Barnes Bridge in 3 mins. 42½ secs., knocking 14½ secs. off the record set up by Cambridge in 1935.

(Continued)

1897	Oxford	P. to M.	19 12	2½ lengths
1898	Oxford	P. to M.	22 12	Easy
1899	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 41	3 lengths
1900	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 47	2½ lengths
1901	Oxford	P. to M.	22 31	1 length
1902	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 5	1 length
1903	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 52½	4½ lengths
1904	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 37	4½ lengths
1905	Oxford	P. to M.	20 35	4½ lengths
1906	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 24	4½ lengths
1907	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 26	4½ lengths
1908	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 27	4½ lengths
1909	Oxford	P. to M.	19 50	3½ lengths
1910	Oxford	P. to M.	20 14	2½ lengths
1911	Oxford	P. to M.	18 29	2½ lengths
1912	Oxford	P. to M.	22 5	6 lengths
1913	Oxford	P. to M.	20 53	1 length
1914	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 23	4½ lengths
1915-19	No Contest	owing to World War		
1920	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 11	4 lengths
1921	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 45	1 length
1922	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 21	4½ lengths
1923	Oxford	P. to M.	20 54	1 length
1924	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 41	19 lengths
1925	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 50	Oxford
1926	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 25	5 lengths
1927	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 14	3 lengths
1928	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 23	10 lengths
1929	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 24	7 lengths
1930	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 9	2 lengths
1931	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 26	2½ lengths
1932	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 11	5 lengths
1933	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 47	2½ lengths
1934	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 3	4½ lengths
1935	Cambridge	P. to M.	17 46	4½ lengths
1936	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 6	5 lengths
1937	Oxford	P. to M.	22 39	3 lengths
1938	Oxford	P. to M.	20 35	2 lengths
1939	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 9	4 lengths
1940	Cambridge	Henley (11 m.)	9 26	5 lengths
1941 and 1942	No Contest	owing to World War II		
1943	Oxford	Radley (11 m.)	4 49	1 length
1944	Oxford	Henley (11 m.)	8 54	2 lengths
1945	Cambridge	Henley (11 m.)	8 17	2 lengths
1946	Oxford	P. to M.	23 1	4 lengths
1947	Cambridge	P. to M.	23 1	10 lengths
1948	Cambridge	P. to M.	17 50	5 lengths
1949	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 57	1 length
1950	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 15	3½ lengths
1951	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 35	12 lengths
1952	Oxford	P. to M.	20 23	Coxes (about 15 ft.)

NOTE: W. to P.—Windsor to Putney.

M. to P.—Mortlake to Putney.

P. to M.—Putney to Mortlake.



THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY: A PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE BEST LOVED AND MOST DEEPLY MOURNED OF ROYAL LADIES.

THE NEW KOREA MEDAL, AND THE SPEAKER'S COAT-OF-ARMS, SHIP NEWS, A STRANGE BOAT AND A STRANGER JEEP.



THE KOREA MEDAL: THE REVERSE OF THE PLASTER MODEL— "HERCULES SLAYING THE HYDRA," BY E. CARTER PRESTON. THE KOREA MEDAL: THE OBVERSE. THE QUEEN'S HEAD, BY MRS. GILICK, RESEMBLES THAT OF THE NEW COINAGE. H.M. the Queen has approved the design of the medal to be awarded to members of forces of the British Commonwealth and Empire for service in Korea. The head of the Queen is by Mrs. Gillick, and much resembles her design for the coinage, but is in higher relief. The reverse, by Mr. E. Carter Preston, shows Hercules killing the many-headed Hydra. The ribbon is of three yellow and two light-blue vertical stripes arranged alternately.



THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS— NOW BEING PAINTED ON MR. SPEAKER'S STATE COACH. This coat-of-arms, recently granted to Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Speaker of the House of Commons, shows two gannets on an azure field divided by a pale bearing the Mace or, on a field ermine. The Viking ship crest refers to Mr. Morrison's Norse ancestry, and the motto, in Gaelic, means "The Lord is my Shepherd." This coat-of-arms is being painted on the Speaker's State Coach for the Coronation.



SHOWING THE DAMAGE SUFFERED IN A COLLISION WITH THE BRITISH STEAMER LLANTRISANT: THE BELGIAN CHANNEL STEAMER PRINCE CHARLES AT OSTEND. On March 19 the 2958-ton Belgian steamer *Prince Charles*, on the Ostend-Dover mailboat service, was in collision in thick fog with the 6500-ton British steamer *Llantrisant*. The *Prince Charles*, which was damaged amidships, returned to Ostend and the *Llantrisant* radioed that she did not require assistance.



BEING FITTED WITH A NEW BOW IN A SHIPPING YARD AT AMSTERDAM: THE DUTCH LINER ORANJE, WHICH WAS DAMAGED IN THE RED SEA ON JANUARY 6. On January 6 the 20,000-ton Dutch liner *Oranje* was in collision with the 21,000-ton Dutch liner *Willem Ruys* in the Red Sea. Both vessels were damaged, but proceeded on their voyages under their own power. The *Oranje* was on her way from Amsterdam to Jakarta, Indonesia, and on her return went into dry-dock to have a new bow fitted.



LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER BY ITS OWN SPEED: A "WING BOAT" OF GERMAN DESIGN, RACING OVER THE WATERS OF THE RIVER HAVEL. DESIGNED IN THE WEST BERLIN LANKE SHIPYARD, IT HAS SMALL WINGS, FITTED TO THE HULL BY STAYS AND ATTAINS A REPORTED SPEED OF 62 M.P.H. IT IS NOT YET IN PRODUCTION.



BUILT ROUND A CONVENTIONAL JEEP BODY BY THE U.S. NAVY FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES: THE "ROLLIGON," A VEHICLE FOR TRAVERSING ALL TYPES OF TERRAIN. IT HAS RUBBER PNEUMATIC TYRES, 4 FT. WIDE, WITH A DIAMETER OF 2 FT., FOR USE IN LOOSE SAND, SOFT SNOW AND ON SIMILAR SURFACES.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN GERMANY: H.R.H.'S VISITS TO BRITISH FORCES.



ARRIVING AT WUNSTORF AIR STATION FROM COSTEDT ON MARCH 19: THE WESTLAND SIKORSKY HELICOPTER IN WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TRAVELLED PREPARING TO LAND.



IN THE TURRET OF A CENTURION TANK DURING HIS VISIT TO THE 6TH ARMoured DIVISION AT HOHNE RANGES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (HATLESS), WHO LATER FIRED A 20-PDR. TANK GUN.



WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION BY THE ROYAL HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT AND THE ESSEX REGIMENT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WEARING DARK GLASSES, AT SOLTAU.



PIPED ABOARD THE HEADQUARTERS SHIP OF THE ROYAL NAVAL RHINE FLOTILLA: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH GOING ABOARD THE *ROYAL PRINCE*.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE: FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF MECHANICAL MINE-LAYING BY MEN OF THE 21ST FIELD ENGINEER REGIMENT, R.E., AT SOLTAU: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (CENTRE; WEARING DARK GLASSES).



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AS A TANK DRIVER: FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE DRIVING SEAT OF A CENTURION TANK ON THE FIRING RANGE AT HOHNE.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Buckeburg airport on March 17 to begin a tour of the British Zone of Germany. He was welcomed by Rear-Admiral R. St. V. Sherbrooke, V.C., Flag Officer, Germany; General Sir Richard Gale, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army of the Rhine; and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Foster, Commander-in-Chief, Second Allied Tactical Air Force. On March 18 his Royal Highness travelled by helicopter to Hohne, where he saw units of the 6th Armoured Division carrying out field firing on the ranges. The Duke drove a Centurion tank and fired the 20-pdr. gun, destroying a target with a direct hit at 1000 yards range. Later he attended an exercise held at Soltau, and visited the 27th Canadian Infantry Brigade Group in Hanover. On the

following day his Royal Highness, in the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force, arrived at Wunstorf air station by helicopter, and later went to Celle, where he saw a demonstration of aerobatics by jet fighters of 94 Squadron, Second Tactical Air Force. On March 20 he inspected the Rhine Army headquarters at Bad Oeynhausen, and on March 21 visited the 2nd Bn. Coldstream Guards and the Royal Navy's Rhine Flotilla at Krefeld. He was piped aboard the headquarters ship *Royal Prince*, formerly Goering's private yacht. In the afternoon he concluded his tour and flew in a *Viking* of the Queen's Flight to Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, to spend a few days with his brother-in-law, Prince Berthold of Baden, and sister, the Princess Theodora of Baden.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. CHARLES E. BOHLEN.

Nominated as United States Ambassador to Russia in place of Mr. George Kennan, who was declared *persona non grata* by the Russian Government last October. Mr. Bohlen, who is forty-nine, is acknowledged as one of the leading American experts on Soviet affairs. He acted as Mr. Roosevelt's personal interpreter at Yalta and Teheran.



CAPTAIN LORD TEYNHAM.

Elected chairman of the Automobile Association in succession to the late Canon F. W. Hassard-Short. He has been a member of the Executive Committee since March, 1950. Lord Teynham, who is fifty-six, served in the Royal Navy in both World Wars; he is a member of the Council of the Navy League.



AFTER THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR HAD BEEN HELD IN THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE WITH FULL CEREMONY—FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1951: A GROUP OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT.

On February 17, 1943, The 1st Battalion the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment were the sole representatives of the British infantry at the battle of Meeanee, N.W. India. The 110th anniversary of this battle was celebrated on February 17 last, when the Regimental Colour was trooped with full ceremony before a distinguished gathering at Suez. Our group shows (front row; l. to r.) Captain (Q.M.) L. J. Marshall, Major A. R. Sernberg, Major-Gen. T. Brodie, G.O.C. 1st Infantry Division, Major R. C. Hughes, General Sir Brian H. Robertson, Bt., C-in-C., Middle East Land Forces; Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Cubbon, Lieut.-General Sir F.



M. RAOUL DUFY.

Died in the south of France on March 23, aged seventy-five. A French painter and designer of textiles and ceramics. He studied under Charles Lhuillier and later under Gustave Moreau, and was one of the brilliant group that included Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck and Georges Rouault.



MR. NEAVE PARKER.

A distinguished animal artist whose drawings are well known to our readers. He has just been appointed honorary artist to the National Canine Defence League and chairman of the Council of Management of the League. Mr. Neave Parker, who is forty-two, studied at Heatherley's School of Art. He is also a fine photographer.



MR. ANTONIN ZAPOTOCKY.

Formerly Czechoslovak Prime Minister, Mr. Zapotocky (sixty-nine) is now President. His was the only name put forward at a special meeting of the National Assembly on March 21. He was a foundation member of the Czech Communist Party, and spent the war in German concentration camps, being released in 1945.



MR. SHIROKY.

Formerly Czechoslovak Vice-Premier, Mr. Shiroky has been elected Premier in succession to Mr. Zapotocky, who has now been elected President. Aged fifty-one, he is the leader of the Slovak Communists. He became Foreign Minister in place of Mr. Clementis in 1950; was replaced last January but remained senior Vice-Premier in the Government presidium.



MISS MARGOT FONTEYN'S RETURN AFTER HER ILLNESS: THE PRIMA BALLERINA IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT COVENT GARDEN AFTER HER BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE ON MARCH 18.

Rarely in the history of Covent Garden has a star ever been given such an ovation as that which welcomed Miss Margot Fonteyn on March 18 when she made her first appearance since her illness last autumn. She danced in "Apparitions," and it was clear that she had lost none of her exquisite poise and brilliant movement.



AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE PILGRIMS: SIR HARRY BRITAIN, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, MR. WINTHROP W. ALDRICH, SIR CAMPBELL STUART AND MR. ATTLEE (L. TO R.).

Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the U.S. Ambassador, was the guest of honour at the fiftieth anniversary dinner of the Pilgrims on March 19. Sir Campbell Stuart, chairman of the Executive Committee, presided and proposed "The Fifty Years." Sir Harry Britain, a foundation member, replied and presented the chairman with a silver rose-bowl.



ENGLAND WIN THE RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR SIXTEEN YEARS: THE TEAM THAT DEFEATED SCOTLAND AT TWICKENHAM ON MARCH 21.

England won the Rugby Championship for the first time since 1936-37 when they beat Scotland at Twickenham on March 21 by four goals and two tries (26 points) to one goal and one try (8 points). Our photograph shows the England team (l. to r.; back row): Captain M. J. Dowling (referee), R. C. Bazley, A. O. Lewis, W. P. C. Davies, J. E. Woodward, S. J. Adkins, W. A. Holmes, J. Butterfield and Colonel G. Warden (touch judge). Middle row: E. Evans, D. T. Wilkins, N. M. Hall (captain), J. MacG. Kendall-Carpenter, D. F. White and R. V. Stirling. Front row: D. W. Shuttleworth and M. Regan.



ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND: THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS, WHO ARE TO TOUR THIS COUNTRY DURING THE SUMMER, SEEN BEFORE LEAVING FREMANTLE.

The Australian cricketers who are on their way to England to resist all our attempts to wrest the Ashes from them, left Fremantle in the liner *Orcades* on March 23. They are due to arrive at Tilbury on, or about, April 16. Our photograph shows (l. to r.), back row: R. R. Lindwall, A. Davidson, D. Ring, J. Hill and G. Langley. Second row: G. Hole, R. Archer, W. A. Johnston, K. R. Miller, R. Benaud and D. Tallon. Front row: I. Craig, J. de Courcy, A. L. Hassett (captain), Mr. G. Davies (manager), A. R. Morris, R. N. Harvey and C. McDonald.

AWARDS FOR SKILL AND COURAGE, AND AN ACTRESS'S ILLNESS.



ORDERED THREE MONTHS' REST: MISS VIVIEN LEIGH, ON ARRIVAL IN LONDON WITH SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER. Miss Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier), the well-known actress, who has been obliged to give up her part in the film "Elephant Walk" on account of a nervous breakdown consequent on overstrain, arrived in London from America by air on March 20. She has been ordered three months' rest, with no visitors.



WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE AWARDS: MR. CECIL B. DE MILLE, VETERAN FILM PRODUCER, AND MISS GLORIA GRAHAME. The awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—known as "Oscars"—for 1952 have been announced. The honour for the year's outstanding film goes to Mr. Cecil B. de Mille for "The Greatest Show on Earth." Miss Gloria Grahame receives an award as supporting actress in "The Bad and the Beautiful."



ADJUDGED THE BEST FILM ACTRESS OF 1952 FOR "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA": MISS SHIRLEY BOOTH. Miss Shirley Booth, the Broadway actress, has received the award for the best film actress of 1952 for her performance in "Come Back, Little Sheba," her first screen part. In our last week's issue we drew attention to the superb acting which characterises her appearance in this picture which we illustrated.



RECEIVING THE DEWAR CHALLENGE TROPHY ON BEHALF OF SUNBEAM-TALBOT FROM MR. WILFRID ANDREWS, CHAIRMAN OF THE R.A.C.: SIR WILLIAM ROOTES (LEFT.) The award of the Dewar Trophy for the most outstanding engineering and technical achievement during 1952 has been made by the R.A.C. Club to Sunbeam-Talbot Ltd. (A. Rootes Group Co.), for the remarkable performance of Sunbeam-Talbot cars in the 1952 International Alpine Rally. The cars were Sunbeam-Talbot model "90," from which the new Sunbeam Alpine, designed for American markets, has been developed. The drivers were G. M. Frame, J. M. Hawthorn and S. Moss.



PRESENTING THE BRONZE MEDAL OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION TO COXSWAIN W. MCCONNELL: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent presented awards of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution at the annual meeting of the Institution. Coxswain William McConnell and Coxswain Hugh Nelson received Bronze Medals for their courage, skill and initiative at the time of the *Princess Victoria* disaster. Tony Metcalfe, who is seen on the extreme lower left, was aged fifteen when he rescued two from a capsized sailing boat; Coxswain Denis Price (who is seen on the lower right) rescued the crew of the barge *Vera*.



RECEIVING THE BRONZE MEDAL OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION FROM THE DUCHESS OF KENT: TONY METCALFE, WHO RESCUED A MAN AND A BOY.



TO UMPIRE THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE TO-DAY (MARCH 28): THE BISHOP OF WILLESDEN, THE RIGHT REV. G. A. ELLISON, WHO UMPIRED THE MEMORABLE RACE OF 1951.



RECEIVING THE SILVER MEDAL OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION FROM THE DUCHESS OF KENT: COXSWAIN DENIS PRICE.

TRAGEDY, COURAGE AND INVENTION: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



EN ROUTE FOR THE R.A.F. BASE AT CELLE: THE WRECKAGE OF THE LINCOLN BOMBER SHOT DOWN BY THE RUSSIANS ON MARCH 12, WHEN ACTUALLY OVER THE BRITISH ZONE.



A NEW ZEALAND VOLCANO IN FIERCE ACTIVITY: MOUNT NGAURUHOE, IN NORTH ISLAND, GIVING ITS MOST SPECTACULAR DISPLAY FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mount Ngauruhoe (7515 ft.), in North Island, New Zealand, is one of the isolated volcanic cones which provide one of the most striking features of the island scenery. For the past year it has been rumbling at intervals, and on January 23 it burst into fierce activity. It is reported that when the explosion occurred a climber was actually taking photographs of the crater, but he succeeded in escaping, although his clothing was covered with hot ash. Our photograph was taken from the air.



DISSEMBARKING FROM THE PLEASURE STEAMER *DEUTSCHLAND* IN WHICH THEY ESCAPED FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN TO WEST BERLIN: MEMBERS OF THE WINKLER FAMILY.

The owners of the Berlin pleasure vessel *Deutschland* were ordered to take her to Plauen for a refit. They sailed down the Hohenzollern Canal, and instead of entering the canal which by-passes West Berlin, they turned into the Havel and reached Western Berlin. They had arranged protection by the steering-gear so, though fired on, escaped injury. Three Czech airmen recently escaped into the British zone of Austria.



ON ITS WAY FROM LECONFIELD AERODROME: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF FIVE OF THE BRITISH AIRMEN FROM THE LINCOLN BOMBER WHICH WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE RUSSIANS OVER GERMANY.

The funeral of five of the crew of the *Lincoln* bomber shot down by a Russian aircraft on March 12, took place at Leconfield, Yorks, on March 19. The other two victims were buried at their homes. Mr. Churchill stated in the House of Commons that the aircraft was over our zone when shot down and thus the lives of British airmen were "callously taken for a navigational error in process of correction." General Chuikov has expressed regret and proposed an Anglo-Soviet conference to discuss avoidance of air incidents.



A FAREWELL PARADE IN MELBOURNE BEFORE LEAVING FOR KOREA: VOLUNTEER TROOPS OF THE 2ND BN. THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT LED BY THEIR C.O., LT.-COL. G. H. LARKIN. Brigadier C. H. Kappe, who has supervised the training of most of Australia's troops for Korea, stated that the 2nd Bn. The Royal Australian Regiment, which has just embarked for Korea, was "the hardest trained and best disciplined unit ever to leave Australia."



A B.B.C. COMMENTATOR WELL PLACED FOR OBSERVATION: MR. RAYMOND GLENDENNING TRYING THE "LOOK-OUT EXTENSION" OF THE NEW OUTSIDE BROADCASTING VAN.

The B.B.C. have been trying out an outside broadcasting van of new design, built with a "look-out" extension in the roof, so that the commentator, by standing up, can have a wide view and yet enjoy protection from the weather. It was planned to use it for the Lincoln Handicap.



REFUGEES ARRIVING BY AIR IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF AUSTRIA: AN OFFICER AND TWO MEN OF THE CZECH AIR FORCE AFTER TOUCHING-DOWN IN AN ARADO 96, A TWO-SEATER TRAINING AIRCRAFT INTO WHICH THEY SQUEEZED BY REMOVING PARACHUTES.



THE FLAGS OF GREAT BRITAIN, GREECE, FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES, TURKEY AND ITALY FLYING FROM THE LASCARIS BASTION, MALTA, TO MARK THE SETTING-UP OF N.A.T.O. MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND, AT THE H.Q. OF ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN, C.-IN-C., ALLIED FORCES, MEDITERRANEAN.



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GOTTWALD OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA: THE COFFIN ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE, FOLLOWED BY OFFICIAL MOURNERS, MOVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PRAGUE. President Gottwald of Czechoslovakia, who died on March 14 at Prague from pleurisy and pneumonia after attending Marshal Stalin's funeral on March 9, was buried on March 19 in the "Heroes' Mausoleum," which was erected by President Masaryk. At the ceremony in Wenceslas Square in Prague, his successor, Mr. Zapotocky, spoke a valedictory address and Marshal Bulganin, the Russian War Minister, also spoke. The Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, was among those present.

NEWS FROM MALTA AND THE SUDAN, FUNERALS CZECH AND FRENCH, THE TURKISH EARTHQUAKE.



AT A CEREMONY TO MARK THE SEPARATION OF THE SUDANESE JUDICIARY AND LAW OFFICERS: SIR ROBERT HOWE (CENTRE) PRESENTING A ROBE TO A SUDANESE JUDGE.

A few days before the signing of the Sudanese Self-Government Statute on March 21, a garden-party was given by the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, to mark the separation of the Sudanese judiciary from the law officers of the Government. On March 21 the Self-Government Statute was signed by the Governor-General in the presence of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Major Saleh Salem and Mr. Tayeb Hussein, the Pakistani chairman of the Governor-General's Commission.



A FUNERAL OINOPILOUS AND POLITICAL: THE COFFIN OF A FRENCH WINE MERCHANT, M. CHABERNAUDE, DRAPED WITH THE FLAG OF THE "PARTISOCIALISTE," MADE READY FOR INTERMENT IN A STONE WINE-BARREL TOMB.



SOME OF THE DAMAGE RESULTING FROM THE TURKISH EARTHQUAKE WHICH KILLED AN ESTIMATED 500 PEOPLE ON THE ASIAN SIDE OF THE DARDANELLES: A STREET IN GONEN. On the night of March 18-19 a severe earthquake shook Western Anatolia and caused the death, it is believed, of about 500 people. About 1000 people were injured and the damage has been estimated at about £250,000. The brunt of the shock was felt in the districts of Chanak and Balikeser, on the Asian side of the Dardanelles, and especially in the regions of Gonen and Yenice. The earthquake was also felt



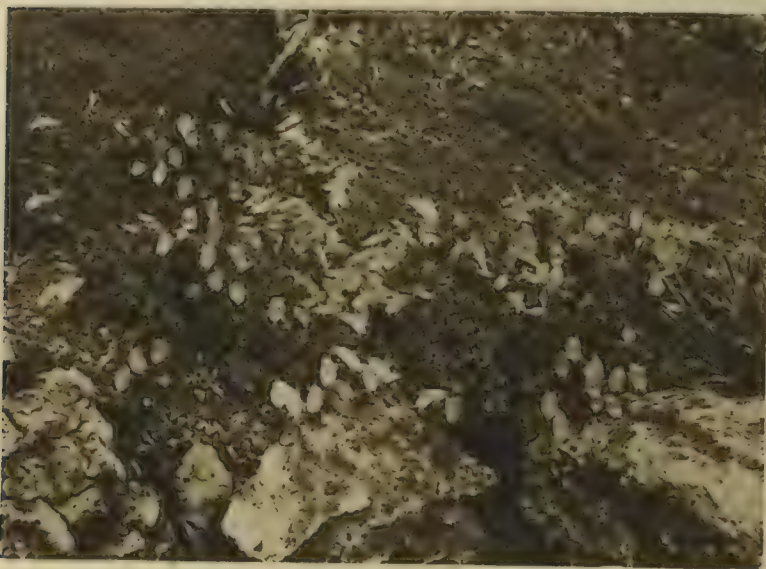
THE DAMAGED SCHOOL BUILDINGS OF GONEN, ONE OF THE TWO DISTRICTS MOST SEVERELY DAMAGED BY THE SEVERE EARTHQUAKE WHICH SHOOK WESTERN ANATOLIA. in Istanbul, but without casualties; and there was another, but slight, earthquake on the night of March 20-21. On March 20 President Jela Bayar and three Cabinet Ministers left to visit the stricken areas, where the Turkish Army and the Red Crescent were co-operating in rescue work. The centre of the earthquake was believed to lie midway between ancient Troy and the island of Tenedos.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



AS a family, the pentstemons—like all big families—are a pretty mixed lot. Mixed as to their garden worth, and hopelessly mixed in the matter of naming, especially

where the species are concerned. There are about 150 wild species of pentstemon, all of which—with one exception—are natives of America.



"MY FAVOURITE IN ALL THIS GREAT FAMILY... IS *PENTSTEMON DAVIDSONII*... A PROSTRATE, SUB-SHRUBBY PLANT, WITH ROUNDISH, BLUE-GREY, SMOOTH AND RATHER LEATHERY LEAVES, AND THE RELATIVELY LARGE FLOWERS ARE RUBY-RED OF A PARTICULARLY TRANSLUCENT BRILLIANCE."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

Perhaps the most generally useful and showy varieties are the florists' hybrids, with their forests of 2-ft. spires of big bell-flowers in scarlet and crimson, pink, white, purple and lilac. These are grand border plants. One can choose named varieties to taste from catalogue descriptions, or at sight at flower shows, or crave cuttings—also at sight—in friends' gardens. They are the easiest things in the world to strike. On the other hand, a packet of seeds of a good strain will give a wide variety of colours, every one of which will be garden-worthy, and the best of which may be propagated by cuttings as required. In some soils and climates these large-flowered pentstemons are not always quite reliably winter-hardy, so that it is a good plan to put in a few cuttings each summer to be wintered in a cold frame for spring planting.

Although I have grown these border pentstemons from time to time, and still grow a few favourites, it is the smaller rock-garden species which have interested me most, and given me the greatest pleasure. It is the naming of these, however, that fills me with alarm and despondency, confusion and bemused exasperation. The family is stiff with synonyms and bogus names, as numerous as the sands of the sea, and unstable as quicksands. In naming names, therefore, I shall do so with every sort of reservation as to accuracy.

Pentstemon heterophyllus—as I have known it in gardens—is of a clumpy, tufted habit, throwing up many foot-high spikes of blue flowers. It is somewhat variable as to colour, and several extra good forms have been given distinguishing names. It is a first-rate plant for the front of the flower border or for the rock-garden, and is easily increased by cuttings. The R.H.S. "Dictionary" gives its height as "about a foot or more, up to five feet." Five feet! I wonder.

Pentstemon confertus is the only species with yellow flowers that I have ever met. It is one of the clump-forming sorts, with cluster-heads of small, sulphur-coloured blossoms, on stems a foot high. *Pentstemon menziesii*, or *P. menziesii scouleri*, as I have variously known it in gardens and catalogues, comes near *P. heterophyllus*. A very good plant. There was an attractive dwarf, cluster-headed pentstemon which I grew at Stevenage as *P. procerus tolmei*—almost

PENTSTEMONS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

certainly a wrong name—which only grew about 4 ins. high. A gay, natty little thing in violet-blue.

My favourite in all this great family, however, is *Pentstemon davidsonii*. It came to me in 1909 from a private garden whose owner had died. His widow, who loved flowers but was no gardener, was selling some of his choicer treasures, and I bought the entire stock of *P. davidsonii*—eight or nine small pot plants.

It is a prostrate, sub-shrubby plant, with roundish, blue-grey, smooth and rather leathery leaves, and the relatively large flowers are ruby-red of a particularly translucent brilliance. A cliff-dweller in nature, it is best planted in a cliff-like position in the rock-garden, or at any rate in some narrow crevice between rocks, so that its prostrate branches may spread out flat upon the sun-warmed stone. The finest specimen of *P. davidsonii* that I ever saw in captivity was in a rock-garden which I built in Yorkshire. A 10-ft. cliff of waterworn limestone rose sheer out of a pool. A great tuft of grass grew in a deep natural hole in a 5-cwt. rock at the brow of the cliff, facing south. I dug out the grass tussock and planted in its place a small *P. davidsonii*. A year or two later it had grown into a specimen nearly 2 ft. across. Flowering there like a brilliant splotch of rich paint, it was a very heartening sight. Years

later I saw *davidsonii* in the wild. On a plant-collecting expedition in North-west America, my wife and I stayed over a week-end pretty high up on Mount Rainier. On the Sunday morning we wandered and ranged amid an enchanting pageant of wild flowers. The Indian Paint-brush was particularly brilliant and varied. Suddenly, far ahead, on the sheer face of a great cliff, we saw a splash of ruby-red a yard across. We made towards it, but were halted by a deep chasm fifty yards across, separating us from the cliff and its superb specimen of *Pentstemon davidsonii*. For that was what it was. All we could do was to sit down on the brink of that great gulf and gloat, and enjoy a close-up through field-glasses. Later that day we came upon a colony of lesser specimens of *davidsonii* on a lesser cliff, and



"THE *PENTSTEMON* KNOWN AND GROWN IN ENGLISH GARDENS AS *P. ROEZLII* IS, IN MANY WAYS, LIKE *P. DAVIDSONII*... WITH SPIKES OF FLOWERS ALMOST THE SAME RUBY-RED AS *DAVIDSONII*."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett

I was able to scramble up a stone slide and pay my respects at close quarters. It was good to meet my old friend in the wild, after growing it at home for so many years, and having first launched it in cultivation in English gardens. Still later, on that memorable

day, we met a wild bear, at a distance of about twenty yards. But that, after meeting *davidsonii* wild, seemed a trivial incident. To be strictly truthful, we did not actually meet him.

He crossed our path and ran off very fast indeed, which is what I would always wish a wild bear to do.

At my Six Hills nursery *Pentstemon davidsonii* gave birth to a bastard seedling which turned out a first-rate rock-garden plant, and which I named *P. "Six Hills Hybrid."* It was the result of illicit dalliance between *P. davidsonii* and a prostrate, violet-flowered species which went by the name of *P. cristatus*, and was growing near by. The R.H.S. "Dictionary" gives the parentage of *P. "Six Hills Hybrid"* as *P. davidsonii* x *P. erinanthra*. But this can not be correct. I never grew that species, nor any pentstemon answering to its description. *P. "Six Hills Hybrid"* is prostrate in habit, and much more vigorous than either of its parents. It will spread into a fine cushion a yard or more across, and perhaps 6 ins. high at the centre, and it flowers very freely. Large lilac blossoms in short spikes.



"A FIRST-RATE PLANT FOR THE FRONT OF THE FLOWER BORDER OR FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN... *PENTSTEMON HETEROPHYLLUS*... IS OF A CLUMPY, TUFTED HABIT, THROWING UP MANY FOOT-HIGH SPIKES OF BLUE FLOWERS." SOMEWHAT VARIABLE IN COLOUR.

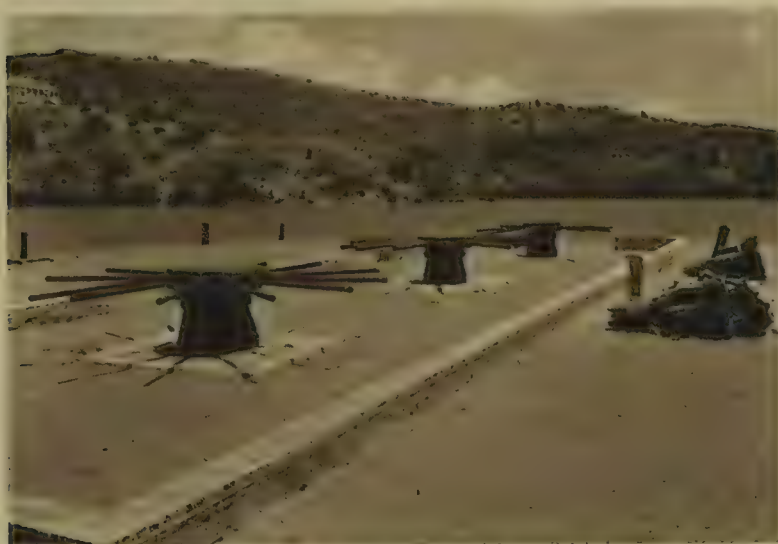
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

The lovely *Pentstemon davidsonii* has had a chequered career of many aliases, among them *P. rupicola* and *P. menziesii douglasii*. At the moment it seems to have settled down as *davidsonii*. Some years ago a very beautiful white-flowered variety of *P. davidsonii* made its appearance. Whether it cropped up in cultivation or was discovered growing wild I do not know. Although it lacks the brilliant splendour of the type *davidsonii*, it is a good, solid white, with perhaps a suspicion of ivory, and is a desirable variant to have.

The pentstemon known and grown in English gardens as *P. roezlii*, is, in many ways, like *P. davidsonii*. It is more upright in habit, making a bush a foot or 18 ins. high, with spikes of flowers almost the same ruby-red as *davidsonii*, and in my estimation it comes very near that species as a rock-garden plant. But what its true official name is I do not know. It certainly does not agree with the description of *P. roezlii* given in the R.H.S. "Dic-

tionary"—"pale or dark blue or violet." Anyway, if you want to obtain the good plant that I have described, it would be best to ask for *P. roezlii*, the name, true or false, to which it answers in English nurseries and gardens at the present day. What a family!

NELSON'S OLD DOCKYARD COMES TO LIFE: ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA.



WITH CLARENCE HOUSE ON THE LEFT: A VIEW OF THE GREAT CAPSTANS, NOW RESTORED, IN NELSON'S DOCKYARD, ENGLISH HARBOUR, ANTIGUA.



NOW USED FOR BOAT-BUILDING: THE MAST-HOUSE AND JOINERS' LOFT (RE-ROOFED IN 1951), WITH A SMALL YACHT SHOWN BENEATH THE CONSTRUCTION.



MARINES FROM H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE BEATING RETREAT IN NELSON'S DOCKYARD DURING THE RECENT YACHT RALLY ARRANGED BY THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ENGLISH HARBOUR; THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ARE SEEN ON THE LEFT, AND CLARENCE HOUSE ON THE DISTANT HILL.

THE historic Naval Dockyard in English Harbour, Antigua, neglected for many years, is coming to life. Commenced in 1746 and finished a few years later, it is associated with Nelson (from 1784 to 1787 it was his H.Q.), and was known to Rodney (in 1761 and 1780), Hood (1780) and Jervis (1793). Clarence House, overlooking the dockyard, was built for the Duke of Clarence (later William IV.). In 1899 the Royal Navy abandoned the dockyard; and, though efforts at preservation have been made by past Governors, it

[Continued opposite.]



"THE MALTA OF THE EASTERN CARIBBEAN" IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE DOCKYARD, ONCE NELSON'S H.Q., AND KNOWN TO RODNEY, HOOD AND JERVIS.



LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS BY H.E. THE GOVERNOR: THE VOLUNTEER NAVAL WORKING PARTY WHICH RECENTLY REPAIRED THE GREAT CAPSTANS OF THE DOCKYARD.



THE BOAT-HOUSE AND DOCK: THE STONE PILLARS (WITH PROTECTIVE CEMENT CAPS) FORMERLY CARRIED THE ROOF, DESTROYED BY THE HURRICANE OF 1871.

[Continued.] fell into decay. In 1951 the Society of the Friends of English Harbour was established in Antigua; and essential repairs have been carried out with the aid of naval working parties. It is planned to organise annual yachting events to encourage the use of the fine harbour. But the Society cannot raise sufficient funds, so an English Harbour Repair Fund has been set up and an appeal launched under the chairmanship of Lord Llewellyn. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 27, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.



ONCE OCCUPIED BY HORATIO NELSON: ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, WITH A BUST OF THE GREAT ADMIRAL BEFORE THE DOOR. IT IS PLANNED TO MAINTAIN IT AS A MUSEUM.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT was a simple enough question: Have caterpillars eyes? But I could not answer it straight off. The first hurdle lies in the fact that a caterpillar is the larva of a moth, a butterfly or a sawfly, and I could recall that there are some seventy species of butterflies in the British Isles alone, and well over 2000 different kinds of moths. It is doubtful if the exact number of moths, butterflies and sawflies found throughout the world is known for certain, but it undoubtedly runs into tens of thousands. How could I then, on the basis of a limited experience of a few of the British species, be sure that all caterpillars have eyes? And was I justified in telling an obvious seeker after knowledge that—so far as I could remember—they all have eyes, when in fact they only have ocelli? And when does an ocellus cease to be an ocellus and rank as an eye? One of the biggest drawbacks to always trying to be accurate is that it engenders a fever of indecision, so I sent the questioner elsewhere for his information. Nevertheless, it stimulated me to look into something which I had always taken for granted.

The eyes of insects are of two different kinds, the compound, or faceted, eyes and the ocelli, or simple, eyes. Both are constructed on a different plan to our own. To begin with, there is no ability to focus, and the form of the image registered, in the compound eye at least, must be vastly different to what we experience. Each ocellus, which is capable of little more than appreciating the presence or absence of light, consists of a single bi-convex lens overlying several visual units. In the caterpillars of butterflies and moths, the ocelli are situated on each side of the body, in the region of the head, and vary in number from one to twelve on each side. They are connected to the brain by nerves, so that in all respects they are intermediate in structure between the even more simple eyes of some of the lower invertebrates and the compound eyes of the mature insect. To this extent, they may suggest the possible method of evolution

EYES OR NO EYES?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The question was earlier posed: When does an ocellus cease to be an ocellus and rank as an eye? There may be a clear answer to this. If so, I have yet to find a record of it. In structure, a single unit of a compound eye is very like an ocellus, except that beneath each such facet there is only one visual unit. This consists of an elongated cone, which transmits the light received through the facet to a system of rods, retinal cells and pigment cells, with

the question naturally arises as to what kind of image is formed. The early idea was that a complete image of the object in view was formed in each facet, and photographs were produced, taken through the eye of an insect, which showed a small but perfect image in each facet. Further, more careful investigation revealed that a number of separate images are formed, each representing a very small part of the object in view, the whole building up the image of the complete object. The effect may be best compared with an illustration reproduced by the half-tone process. Under a magnifying glass the pictures are seen to be made up of a large number of dots. The finer the paper used,

and the finer the screen used in making the picture, the better the detail. The coarser the paper and the coarser the screen used, the more blurred the picture. The first may be compared with the image seen by a dragonfly with 30,000 facets to each eye; the second approximates more to what is seen by the ant with 400, 600 or even 1000 facets. As for the worker ants in a species having no more than six to nine facets, it is doubtful whether vision as we normally understand it can be said to exist.

The scientist is usually careful to give a different name to each of two structures having comparable functions but differing markedly in structure or in the way these functions are carried out. He prefers, for example, to speak of the brain of a human being, or of a dog or a fish, even, but to designate the centre of nervous control in an insect as the cerebral ganglia, because it is of so much lower an order of specialisation. He does not, on the other hand, scruple to speak of the eye of an insect, although its structure and method of working are so vastly different from our own. Perhaps it is

as well not to introduce new terms, for the subject is sufficiently complicated as it is.

To underline this difference we must recall that the insect eye has no power to focus. This, together



BEARING SIX OCELLI ARRANGED IN A GROUP ON EACH SIDE OF THE HEAD: THE HEAD OF A CATERPILLAR RELATED TO THE MAGGOT OF THE CODLIN MOTH. ALTHOUGH CALLED "SIMPLE EYES" AND SENSITIVE TO LIGHT, THE OCELLI ALMOST CERTAINLY DO NOT FUNCTION AS EYES IN THE STRICT SENSE.

Photograph by W. H. T. Tams.

a nerve connection to the brain. In the workers of some species of ants, the number of facets is as low as six to nine for each eye, although the queens have 200 and the males 400 to each eye. The number

is variable, however, even in ants, since in some species it may be nearer 1000 for the workers and more than 1000 for the males.

We are apt to think of the compound eyes, in all insects possessing them, as being approximately comparable, with some having more efficient and others less efficient sight, but no more. The number of the facets

varies to a surprising degree, however. The eye of a house-fly has 4000 facets; that of a butterfly may consist of anything from 2000 to 17,000, according to the species; and in dragonflies the number ranges from 10,000 to 30,000. With such wide differences,

with the nature of the mosaic-image produced means that it serves mainly to perceive movement. Only very near objects can be seen at all distinctly; so it is possible by moving very slowly to approach an insect without its noticing us. The comparatively large size of the human body affects a large number of the facets of the insect's eyes equally. If that body is moving slowly, the change in position causes only imperceptible changes in the mosaic-image as a whole. Only quick movements will be perceived, causing the insect to take refuge in flight. It is possible from this to gauge how little use the few ocelli of a caterpillar are for vision as we know it. If, therefore, we stretch a point and admit for brevity's sake that a caterpillar has eyes—instead of using the less familiar word "ocelli"—we must qualify the statement by saying it is blind.



SHOWING AN EXTREME DEVELOPMENT OF THE COMPOUND EYE WHICH IS THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FEATURE OF THE HEAD: THE HEAD OF A CABBAGE WHITE BUTTERFLY. THE HIGH DEVELOPMENT OF THE EYE IN BUTTERFLIES IS LINKED WITH AN APPRECIATION OF COLOUR VALUES AS IN THE SEARCH FOR THE FOOD PLANT AND IN COURTSHIP.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

of the compound eyes. On the other hand, ocelli are also present in many adult insects, but in them they are situated on the top of the head, between the compound eyes. They have also changed their function, for experiment has shown that the working of the compound eyes is dependent upon them.

It is found, for example, that if the compound eyes are coated with an opaque varnish, but not the ocelli, the insect behaves as if it were blind. If, however, the ocelli are coated, but not the compound eyes, the insect is, so to speak, half-blind, as if the compound eyes were working at a slower rate. From this, it is presumed that in adult insects, the ocelli serve to keep the large eyes at the necessary pitch of efficiency, rather as the cupful of water is needed to prime the old-fashioned water-pump.



SHOWING A MODERATE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COMPOUND EYE: THE HEAD OF A WASP WHICH, BEING A CARNIVORE HUNTING OTHER INSECTS, IS DEPENDENT NOT SO MUCH ON AN APPRECIATION OF COLOUR AS ON THE MOVEMENTS OF ITS PREY. THE SIGHT IN A WASP, AS IN SO MANY INSECTS, IS ASSISTED BY OCELLI SITUATED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HEAD OF THE ADULT INSECT.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30 AT NO EXTRA COST.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

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THE FRONT OF THE STATE COACH AND ONE OF THE FOUR TRITONS WHICH SUPPORT IT.



UPHELD BY THREE BOYS REPRESENTING THE GENII OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND: THE IMPERIAL CROWN.



THE REAR WHEELS OF THE COACH—NOW FITTED WITH RUBBER TYRES; AND ONE OF THE SUPPORTING TRITONS.

The magnificent State coach in which the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, will drive in the Royal procession to and from Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day has recently undergone a thorough renovation. The coach, used at the coronation of British Sovereigns since the time of George III., was

designed by William (later Sir William) Chambers, and was finished in 1762. The late King George VI. found it most uncomfortable to ride in and, at his instigation, experiments were carried out to try and improve it. Rubber tyres have now been fitted over the iron ones, and the bodywork and upholstery have been restored.



THE LIFE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE IN BLACK AND WHITE: WILD BRITISH MAMMALS THAT ARE HARMFUL

A weed is a flower out of place. Just so a pest is a wild animal, otherwise following its natural habits and instincts, in conflict with man's interests. Since in a settled countryside everything is subordinated by man to his own interests, it is a fortunate beast that does not stand condemned by one part of the community or another. Often this condemnation springs largely, if not entirely, from ignorance, or it is traditional and remains unaltered even by human beings of greater knowledge. And in most cases, the judgment passed by the acquisition of wild beasts is emotional. Seldom is it rational. However, an attempt to be factual and rational is made in a publication by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries: "Wild Mammals and the Land" (Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.).

Even before the issue of this booklet, the tide of informed opinion had already shown a marked turn. Thus, the former view holding small carnivores, such as the marten, polecat, stoat and weasel, to be vermin, to be killed at sight, has given way to a realization that the killing of these lets in vermin even more harmful. The argument that any of these is detrimental even to a game preserve is now shown to be false. Having persecuted them, we now bewail the prevalence of rats, mice, rabbits and squirrels and deplore the harm they do. Yet too many people still overlook the logic of the situation that to kill off the police permits the burglars to flourish. Moreover, if an animal is wholly beneficial, like the hedgehog or shrew, we invent legends to blacken its character. Or blameless,

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by NEAVE



OR BENEFICIAL TO MAN, AND SOME BORDERLINE CASES—AN ANALYSIS BASED ON THE FOOD EATEN.

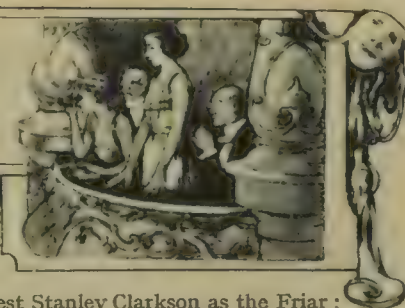
like the badger, except for the excessively rare occasion when an individual is alleged (but not proven) to have taken a fowl, we raise the hue-and-cry at the mention of its presence near by, forgetting that it feeds on young rabbits and smaller vermin. Fishermen condemn the otter and emphasise his attacks on fish hatcheries; but otters eat eels that damage fishing prospects and take, according to some authorities, mainly the sick or ailing fish, so helping to maintain the vitality of the fish-stock. It may be useless to plead the cause of the fox with a poultry or sheep farmer who has suffered loss at its hands. The fact remains, nevertheless, that a fox feeds upon rabbits, rats and mice and possibly prefers them to poultry and sheep. The time may yet come when, belatedly, we shall

decide in favour of the fox, as they have in the U.S.A. in favour of the coyote. After years of intense persecution, opinion there is swinging over. It is being realised that the coyote is, on the whole, beneficial to the farmer, and local control is taking the place of universal persecution. On these pages we show those animals which may be considered beneficial to man, and others which are harmful, with some borderline cases. The evidence is based on the table of foods taken by British wild mammals in the Ministry's publication. The harvest mouse, which is now a rarity, compensates for the corn it eats in a few weeks of the year by the number of harmful insects it consumes at other times. Nature's balance may be upset, with unforeseeable results, if a shot-gun is thrown into the scale.

MARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



THEME AND VARIATIONS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT might need an Elizabethan dramatist, of the kind that specialised in voluble and angry ghosts, to write with any conviction a speech for the shade of Shakespeare on beholding one of his plays mauled and mangled by an adapter. Agreed, we cannot always be purists; but the strangest things do happen. I wonder, for instance, what will have become of the sacrosanct Shaw texts a hundred years hence. And I very much fear that, within the next decade, Gilbert's libretti may be sadly treated when his copyright period expires.

As a collector of Shakespeare versions, I have to assert that we are far kinder to-day than our ancestors were, especially those of the Restoration and the eighteenth century, who enjoyed showing just where Shakespeare was wrong. My mind is still with the revenge melodrama of "Titus Andronicus," discussed on this page last week. Now anyone could be pardoned for some gentle revision of "Titus," but Edward Ravenscroft, who sought to bring it to the taste of the Restoration stage, boasted that in his version, subtitled "The Rape of Lavinia," he had converted "rather a heap of rubbish than a structure" into a fine "Fabrick." And he added with unreasonable smugness: "None in all that Author's works ever receiv'd greater Alterations or Additions, the Language not only refin'd, but many scenes entirely New: Besides most of the principal characters heighten'd, and the plot much increas'd." Actually, Ravenscroft, except in an ultra-violent final scene, did nothing to warrant this flourish; his determined advertisement reveals the spirit in which so many adapters advanced upon the Shakespearean theatre.

It was this spirit that, at various times, caused Cordelia to survive for marriage to Edgar at the end of "King Lear"; allowed Juliet to wake in the tomb before Romeo's arrival, and to exclaim "Bless me! How cold it is!"; allowed Cibber to collaborate

of meeting anywhere a "Romeo and Juliet" without Mercutio or Benvolio or Tybalt; and in which Paris is a dancer without word to speak or sing. No talk here of scenes entirely new, plot much increas'd.



"THEY KEEP US PURRING AT THEIR BLAND TEMPER, THE PERFECTION OF THEIR TIMING, THE ALERTLY SOLEMN IDIOCY OF IT ALL": THE WIERE BROTHERS AT WORK IN "THREE CHEERS" (LONDON CASINO), ASSISTED BY "LITTLE MISS SEYMOUR" AT THE PIANO.

This is Verona with a difference. At the premiere it was amusing to catch the occasional granules of Shakespeare. I seem (though I may be mistaken, for articulation at this performance was not always clear) to have heard the line, "Come, bitter friend, thus with a kiss I die," which is compression indeed. We have never known the tragedy of the star-crossed lovers to move more swiftly to its end. It was as if Sutermeister were seeking to bear out the line of Chorus, "the two hours' traffic of our stage." All was terse, cut to essentials. The writer, both as composer and librettist, would spin nothing out.

Musically, was this true to Shakespeare? Did the right quality of passion come through? Not invariably, though sometimes I think it did: for example, in the Balcony Scene which George Devine produced with a romantic effect unaccustomed in these days of scenic severity, and which Juliet (Victoria Elliott) and Romeo (Rowland Jones) sang movingly against the quickening Veronese daybreak. Parts of the complex score are elusive; still Sutermeister, if not naturally melodious, does not "uglify" for its own sake. He is an inventive composer to respect: the Sadler's Wells company, and the orchestra—under the sure control of James Robertson—see that he is respected. We are fixed throughout upon Romeo and Juliet: this is the lovers' opera, and it is

(curiously) not always the lovers' play; one has known evenings to be "stolen" by a Mercutio or even a Nurse, or—as on one occasion, with Edith Evans and Laurence Olivier in the cast—by a Nurse and a Mercutio together. At Sadler's Wells, it is nearly all Romeo and Juliet, even if Sutermeister tells their story as a recorder rather than—as Shakespeare seems to—from the heart of Verona. The "Queen Mab" speech is sung here not by a baritone Mercutio, but, with some difficulty, by eight madrigalists, four "Loving Pairs." Elsewhere

I remember best Stanley Clarkson as the Friar: he is an eloquent bass and an actor who can deliver a spoken phrase in a good round Shakespearean tone. Malcolm Pride's sets, though the Friar's cell seemed to be oddly sited, fortified the impression made by his "Volpone" décor in last year's Stratford-upon-Avon Festival.

On the next night I was back in the Shakespearean theatre at Donald Wolfit's spare, bare revival of "The Merchant of Venice" (King's, Hammersmith). Here all is Shylock. There is not much else, and this is said regretfully, for we know Mr. Wolfit's perseverance in the cause of Shakespeare. He is as strong and dignified as ever, a superb actor; but, except for Rosalind Iden's lucid approach to Portia, and for Ernest Hare (one of the most ducal Doges I remember), the cast has little more quality than faint pencil sketches, marginal notes. It is "straight" Shakespeare: too straight: it would be so much better if Mr. Wolfit could give to the production a tinge of the imaginative vitality with which he fills out, re-creates Shylock. As it is, we look hopefully, at Hammersmith, for the variations we do not get.

A final word. If the angry ghost of Shakespeare I raised early in this article were to see the Wiere Brothers at work in "Three Cheers" (the Casino revue noted briefly last week), I think the bleak countenance might soften to a smile.

The Brothers are the gentlest of souls. They are usually about to do something elaborate, but they never finish it. They have a fine gift for interrupting each other, with nods and wreathed smiles; and they accept the interruptions with a benign, creamy pleasure. As they frisk with bowler-hats or violins, dance, apologise,



"AT LEAST IT DOES NO VIOLENCE TO SHAKESPEARE, AND IT HAS THE FORTUNE TO BE STAGED WITH UNPRETENTIOUS ART": "ROMEO AND JULIET" AS A TWO-ACT OPERA BY HEINRICH SUTERMEISTER AT SADLER'S WELLS; THE SCENE IN WHICH AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO FORCE JULIET INTO A MARRIAGE WITH PARIS. (L. TO R.) LADY CAPULET (ANNA POLLAK); JULIET (VICTORIA ELLIOTT); CAPULET (CHARLES DRAPER) AND NURSE TO JULIET (JEAN WATSON).



"ELSEWHERE I REMEMBER BEST STANLEY CLARKSON AS THE FRIAR: HE IS AN ELOQUENT BASS AND AN ACTOR WHO CAN DELIVER A SPOKEN PHRASE IN A GOOD ROUND SHAKESPEAREAN TONE": "ROMEO AND JULIET" (SADLER'S WELLS), SHOWING THE SCENE OUTSIDE FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL WHEN HE AGREES TO MARRY THEM. (L. TO R.) NURSE TO JULIET (JEAN WATSON); JULIET (VICTORIA ELLIOTT); FRIAR LAWRENCE (STANLEY CLARKSON) AND ROMEO (ROWLAND JONES).

strenuously in "Richard the Third"; gave to "The Tempest" new characters called Mustacho the Mate and Dorinda (a sister for Miranda); and, early in our own century, caused John Coleman, in coping grimly with "Pericles," to "purge, omit, and eliminate." Ominous phrase.

In opera we reach another world, one in which we should not worry about changes of plot and character. Yet no Shakespearean can fail to observe with fond interest (and some surprise) the ways of a librettist. True, the music is the thing. Yet one has to remark on any alterations to an old and valued friend. I have just seen and heard at Sadler's Wells a "Romeo and Juliet" (there have been, I gather, thirteen or fourteen operatic versions) composed by a Swiss, Heinrich Sutermeister. The programme is an unexpected document. Certainly I had never dreamed

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (King's, Hammersmith).—Shakespeare unadorned, with Donald Wolfit's Shylock to sustain us through an evening otherwise lacking in atmosphere. (March 9-18.)
 "ROMEO AND JULIET" (Sadler's Wells).—This is not the play, but a new opera, by the Swiss composer, Heinrich Sutermeister, that (in its modern manner) usually engages the imagination. At least it does no violence to Shakespeare, and it has the fortune to be staged with unpretentious art. (March 12.)

beam at their endeared accompanist ("little Miss Seymour" at the piano, as she must ever be with the Wieres), or make a grave progress through the front of the house, they keep us purring at their bland temper, the perfection of their timing, the alertly solemn idiocy of it all.

They are on the stage solely to interrupt and to be interrupted. That is their theme; their variations on it never fail to please. One of the Brothers reminds me (and we get back to Shakespeare) of our matchless classical clown, Miles Malleon, as Sir Nathaniel. I feel that, like Nathaniel, he might be a "marvellous good neighbour and a very good bowler." But so all must be, the three of them. They are "marvellous good" company—and let us remember Miss Seymour as well.

SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY IN DESIGN—IN HERALDRY, SCULPTURE AND PAINT.



SHOWING THE EXCELLENCE OF THE DESIGN OF THE ROYAL COAT OF ARMS ON THE TRUMPET BANNER: A TRUMPETER OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY. Splendour and fine design characterise the magnificent uniform of the Trumpeters of the Household Cavalry, recently seen at a rehearsal of Coronation Day ceremonial. The Royal cipher is on the front of the coat and the Trumpet banner bears an admirable embroidery of the Royal Coat of Arms.



AT WORK ON THE CLAY MODEL OF THE ROYAL COAT OF ARMS FOR THE CORONATION ANNEXE: MODELLERS. Mr. James Woodford, R.A., was commissioned by the Ministry of Works to design the Queen's Beasts and the huge Royal Coat of Arms for the Coronation Annexe at Westminster Abbey. Two modellers are shown completing the clay model for the mould for the Coat of Arms.



INSPECTING THE BRONZE CASTING OF HIS FIGURE FOR THE SLOANE SQUARE FOUNTAIN, TO BE ERECTED THIS SUMMER: MR. GILBERT LEDWARD, R.A., THE DISTINGUISHED SCULPTOR. The bronze fountain by Mr. Gilbert Ledward will, it is hoped, be placed in position in Sloane Square, Chelsea, during the summer. Mr. Ledward was responsible for the Westminster Abbey cloister memorials to the Submarine Service, the Commandos and the Airborne Forces.



FINISHING ONE OF THE MURALS DEPICTING "THE SOURCES OF POWER AND ENERGY" AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: MR. LOUIS DUFFY. The great murals depicting "The Sources of Power and Energy" for the Science Museum have been almost completed. Mr. Louis Duffy, art lecturer at Twickenham Art School, carried out the work assisted by Mr. Hugh Chevins and Miss D. Turville, who worked together as a team on murals for a school hall at Whitton.



THE FIRST PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926) TO BE ACQUIRED BY THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE: "LE PRINTEMPS," SIGNED AND DATED 1886. (Canvas; 25 by 32 ins.)



The Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, have recently purchased for £4000 (with the help of £1000 from the National Art-Collections Fund) "Le Printemps," by Claude Monet, an example of the work of his middle years. This painting is the first Monet to be acquired by the Museum.

(LEFT.) AT WORK ON A PORTLAND STONE STATUE SYMBOLISING "EARTH," FOR THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: MR. CHARLES WHEELER. Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A., has almost completed two stone statues to flank the entrances to the new Government offices in Whitehall Gardens. We illustrate details of the figures representing "Earth" and "Water"; that of Mr. Wheeler at work on the former, giving an idea of the huge scale of the sculpture.

(RIGHT.) INDICATING THE IMMENSE SIZE OF THE FIGURE: DETAIL OF "WATER," ONE OF THE HUGE STATUES WHICH MR. CHARLES WHEELER, R.A., IS COMPLETING FOR THE MINISTRY OF WORKS.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

HAPPY the novelist who has a field exclusively his own, and yet of universal interest. There can be very few of them, and one inclines to ask if they are not more lucky than deserving. Even the reader who looks upon war novels as a kind of paradox, and sees them in a retrospective blur, will have distinct memories of "Long the Imperial Way"—because it was a story of the Japanese Army, written in English by a Japanese. Which made it certainly a feat, certainly well worth reading—but not so certainly a work of talent. Now we know better what to think. "The Mountains Remain," by Hanama Tasaki (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), carries straight on after the war. It has the same advantage of monopoly—or rather more, for once again peace is revealed as a more fascinating subject, and for the novelist a richer soil. But it resolves all doubt about the author's merit.

This time he has a really formidable theme: he is to make us understand an alien culture in a state of flux. With the Surrender, Japan has lost not only the war, but all self-confidence into the bargain. Its frame of immemorial tradition has collapsed. Everyone is convinced of sin; and as they feel that the defeated must be morally wrong, the victors are not hated but admired. Of course, there are degrees of readiness to change. But, it would seem, there are no diehards. All have embraced "democracy" up to a point, though they are rather vague about its meaning. "Have you heard of our New Constitution?" Minoru, the spoilt child of privilege, asks the ex-private Takeo (the hero of the former book). "It is a very good thing. As a result of this, Japan has become like America." Which is intended as the highest praise—and "although a little confused, that was how Takeo interpreted it." Nevertheless, he adds, "The Emperor is to be pitied."

This dialogue is thoroughly post-war, not merely in the views expressed, but by the very fact of its occurrence. Under the old régime, Takeo, a young peasant, would not have been associating with a noble's son. Now they are theoretically equal—although in practice, conversation is a little strained. They have been brought together by Takeo's sister, an "upright" geisha, with whom Minoru is in love. It is not quite impossible that he should marry her, though, to be sure, his parents, Count and Countess Imayama, will be much against it. And when Takeo is invited to their home and falls in love with their young daughter, a Christian convert seeking true freedom and stability, it is still less impossible that he should marry her.

The plot, although it winds up with a burst of action, is extremely slight. But it is treated with rare subtlety and breadth, to show the change in full, elucidate old manners and ideas, and trace the sentiment behind the forms. Also, it has great charm: and in Ko-ume, child and victim of tradition, a heroine of classic pathos. All this the author has achieved in a strange tongue, in which he is by no means perfect.

OTHER FICTION.

Next, "the more cheerful country on the other side." That is Ko-ume's phrase—and on the whole not well adapted to American fiction. However, "The Red Carpet," by Dan Wickenden (Dent; 12s. 6d.), though a small story, and rather poignant in its way, is irresistibly engaging.

At twenty-two, Jason Lysander Bent, the prodigy of Lupton, Illinois, has burst the "shackles" of his native town, and of his lifelong, statutory sweetheart. He is about to seek "fulfilment" in New York; to see life in the raw, and be the Thomas Wolfe of the new era. He is fond of Winifred—in spite of her thick ankles, she is his dearest friend; but probably, as he observes at parting, they will meet no more. Indeed, how can they—since she is not going to leave Lupton, while he is equally resolved not to come back? And then, he has decided against marriage; he thinks affairs are his real line. In short, this is the moment to renounce each other. And having said good-bye, he rushes off "exhilarated" to the point of tears.

This parting scene was almost hopeless to live up to, but there is no conspicuous descent. Jason's first weeks in the big city are acutely tame. Then he meets Robert Holland in a bar. Robert is a young, frangible, tormented aesthete, with an enchanting wife and a long pedigree of "robber barons." Jason becomes their household craze, begins to see the world—and ends up with a broken heart. Even his faithful Winifred is lost; but perhaps not for ever. And all the agonies and raptures of ingenuous youth blossom from social comedy of a delightful kind.

"The Great Wash," by Gerald Kersh (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), might be summed up as a global thriller. A powerful, villainous association called the Sciocrats have formed a scheme to drown most of the habitable world, and to enslave the remnant. They mean to use a new kind of atomic bomb; only their private physicist has made off with the formula. They send an ex-Chicago gangster in pursuit, and he decides, in fear and trembling, to double-cross them. And then two Fleet Street heroes run into him in the Savoy Hotel, nose out the plot, and save the world after a lush and terrible adventure in the wilds of Canada.

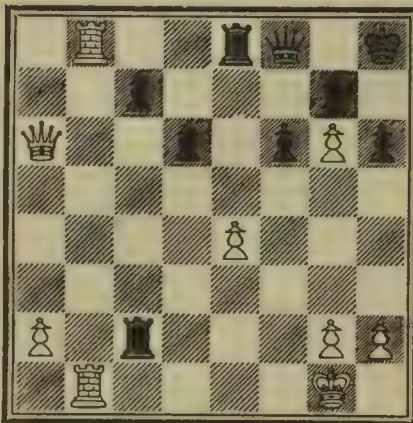
Monty, the gangster-type, has been a fair-ground barker in his day. This novel uses a similar technique. But its amazing spiel—a perfect inundation of resource and knowingness—cannot disguise the imbecility of its events.

"The Dying Ukrainian," by Patrick Howarth (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), is by comparison extremely quiet. Only I don't mean slow. Mallory, a research philologist living at Ammon Green, happens one day to be the witness of a lorry accident. A man is picked up in the road, and with his dying breath avows himself a Soviet agent, commissioned to inspect the very highest "cells"—the unknown strongholds of the Cause. He reveals also where he was to start, and the first set of passwords. And, to be brief, Mallory, the retiring scholar, agrees to take over the job. He finds himself among the denizens of the Flatlanders' Club—then in a curious nonconformist household in the North—then going South in another lorry—always in the half-dark, wondering who will give the password next, who is suspecting him, and who is really on his side. The tale is full of colour and surprise, and should attract even the thriller-cold—perhaps especially the thriller-cold—by its sense, style and cultured, unaffected air.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE position diagrammed this week is one of the most famous ever reached in chess history. It occurred in the Hastings International Tournament of 1919.

SIR GEORGE THOMAS.
(Black)



A MASTERPIECE OF NATURAL UGLINESS, RECALLING THE INVENTIONS OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH : "THE ELEPHANT SHARK."

To the lay mind the fantasy of natural forms seems endless and inexplicable. For instance, this strange fish, known popularly as "The Elephant Shark," though it is not a true shark, and its scientific title is *Callorhynchus milii*, is more horrible and repellent than the monsters devised by the Flemish painter Hieronymus Bosch (c. 1460-1518) in his disquieting symbolic paintings. Such natural forms have, of course, been evolved in the course of centuries to meet

the special needs of the organisms concerned. "The Elephant Shark" uses its "trunk," the feeler above its mouth, for seeking food on the ocean-bed. The specimen we illustrate was 16 ins. long, and weighed 3 lb. It was taken off Middle Brighton, Melbourne, Australia—a rare catch in those waters. The fish has two dorsal fins, a double-finned tail, and two sets of wing-like fins below; and, in addition, two bony projections beneath it.



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LEAGUE PLAY

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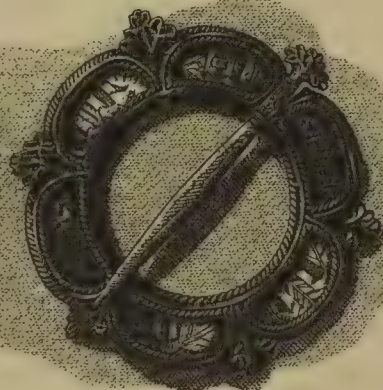


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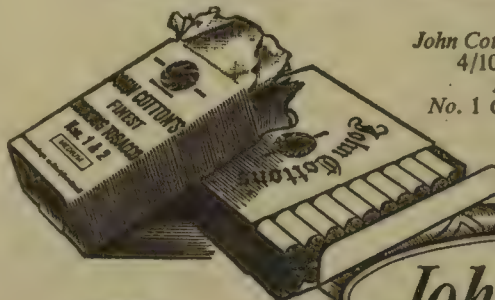
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In every century the painstaking craftsmen of Scotland have given grace and pleasure to living. It was craftsmen no less who first made John Cotton tobacco in 1770; that famous Edinburgh brand, so cool and even-burning, so fresh yet free from undue moisture. Smokers who prefer a pipe have usually preferred John Cotton . . . but, for the man or woman who appreciates a superb cigarette, John Cotton has another treat in store. For all this traditional knowledge of good tobacco goes to make that truly fine brand . . . John Cotton No. 1 Cigarettes.



John Cotton Tobacco Nos. 1 & 2,
4/10 oz. No. 4, 4/6 oz.
Empire, 4/2 oz.
No. 1 Cigarettes 3/11 for 20.



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MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1770

Two famous British coats

AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND COAT

Aquascutum's Covert coat is warm but very light. It is made in all-wool covert cloth of the finest quality, and is tremendously hard-wearing. To these assets Aquascutum have added shower-proofing to make a most effective spring coat, but one you can also wear throughout the year. This good-looking coat is equally at home in town or country. Its slightly formal air is very popular with the younger generation, but seems also to suit their fathers admirably. The Covert is made in shades of fawn, grey and lovat. It costs 15 guineas.

A COAT FOR WIND, RAIN OR SUN!

The 'Scutum, on the right, is a shower-proofed coat, and can go out to meet the Spring in all its moods. The 'Scutum will keep you dry if it rains and protect you against the wind. But with its warmth goes lightness, and you will not be uncomfortable in spring sunshine. There are various designs and colours, herringbones, checks or plain shades in fawns, browns, greys, blues and lovats. The "Regent" style illustrated here has a herringbone pattern—a handsome all-purpose coat that is right for town or country. You pay 16 guineas for the versatile 'Scutum. You can choose your Aquascutum coat at 100 Regent Street, or at good men's shops throughout the country.

The Aquascutum label on any coat is an assurance of the finest material and craftsmanship. Aquascutum have gained their reputation by making nothing but the best for over 100 years.



Aquascutum

OF REGENT STREET, No. 100



Chaplins is a name to conjure with in the wine trade — for it is close on ninety years since Chaplins brought their first batch of fine sherries from Jerez de la Frontera. Connoisseurs of sherry, whether their taste be for light or dark, say Chaplins and there's an end to it. Chaplins it has to be. Here's a choice of six of the best to suit all tastes.



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*fine sherries
and Concord ports*



CELESTA a delicate pale dry. Fino
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St. TERESA distinctive Amontillado
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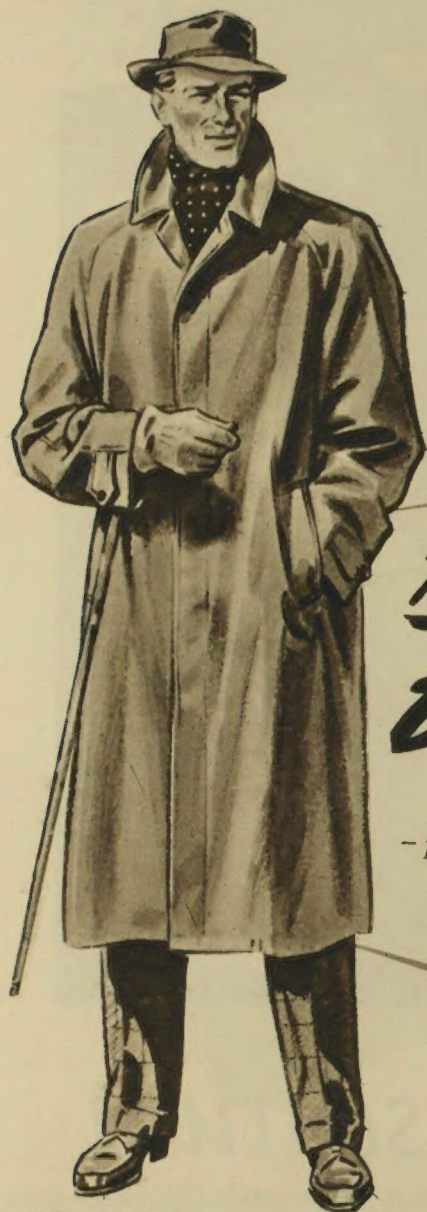
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the smoother gin!



At my club, after the show, I asked the barman for a gin and tonic.



This gin's rather special. It's smoother—mellower.



What did you say this gin's called—Curtis?



Yes, Curtis. It is smoother because it's matured in cask.



Thanks for the tip—and have one with me.

CASK MATURING MAKES CURTIS SMOOTHER

Curtis is matured in cask. There it becomes more gracious... more mellow... in fact... "smoother". So ask for Curtis Gin—you'll like it better.

Curtis Gin

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD"
in bottles, half bottles, six nip or three nip flasks.



*the finest
sherry
shipped
from Spain*



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No fuss—no noise—excellent weather protection—easy to manage—these are the features which make the L.E. so popular today. Have a good look and listen (if you can hear it) to the next one that passes—you'll agree.

Write for list IL giving full details.



THE SILENT

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MODEL L.E.

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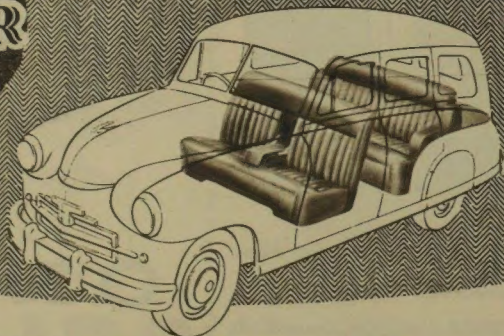
EST. 1817



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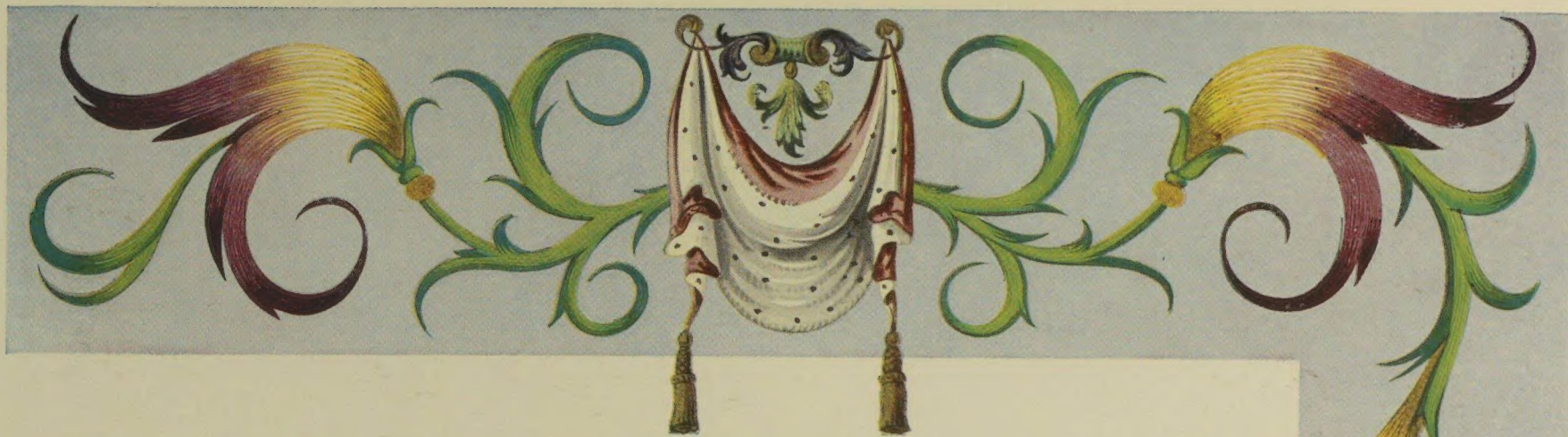
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MACDONALD'S — SINCE 1858



EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE COAT-OF-ARMS illustrated here with a contemporary illuminated border is that of James Harris, first Baron Malmesbury of Malmesbury in the County of Wiltshire, later Viscount FitzHarris of Hurn Court in County Southampton, Earl of Malmesbury. He was created Lord Malmesbury, Baron of Malmesbury, Wiltshire, in 1788. The Prince of Orange permitted him to use the motto "Je Maintiendrai" and Frederic William, King of Prussia authorised him to bear the Prussian Eagle upon his coat-of-arms.

In 1789, a Royal Warrant of George III allowed him to make use of these tokens of Foreign Royal Favour. He was later advanced in the Peerage and created Earl of Malmesbury and Viscount FitzHarris of Hurn Court in County Southampton, in 1800.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.



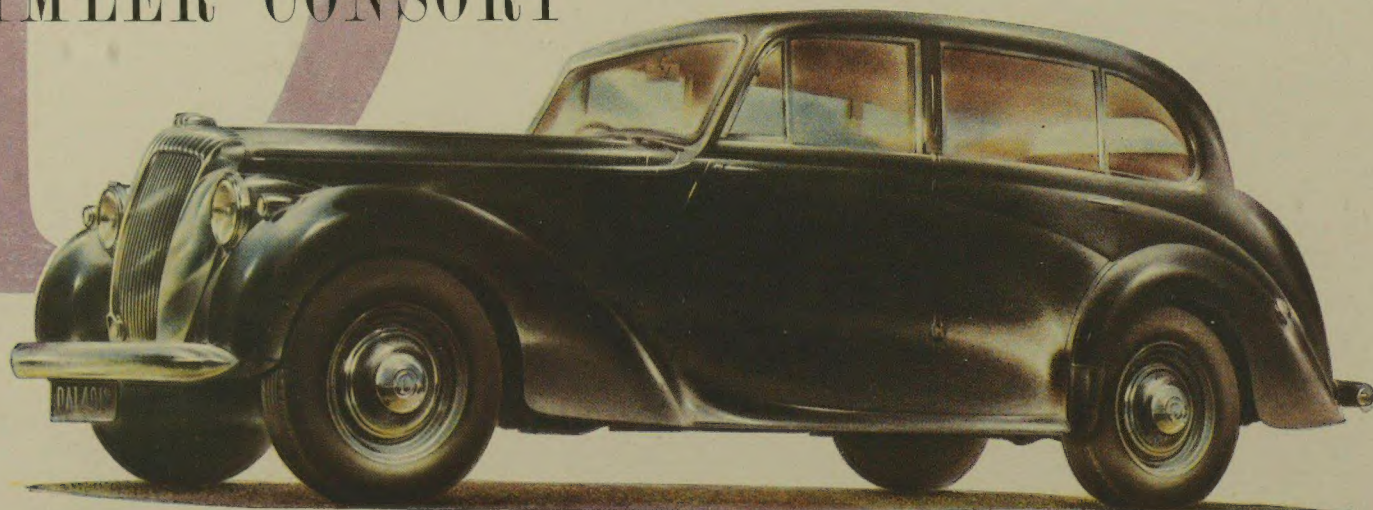
Issued by the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Co (Gt Britain) Ltd, Wolverhampton.



Painted by THEYRE LEE-ELLIOTT for The Daimler Company

Grace of movement, masterly technique that captures the very spirit of the dance . . . such qualities we admire in the ballerina's art. The 'Consort', too, we praise for its mastery of motion. Built to the exacting Daimler standards of luxury and elegance, it is the most pleasant and restful of cars to drive at speed, yet at the same time surprisingly agile in traffic. For the man with a position to keep up, for the firm with its prestige to consider, the Daimler 'Consort' is the perfect choice . . . a car to be proud of for years to come.

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The Daimler Co. Limited
Motor Car Manufacturers
To the late King George VI

THE 2½-LITRE 'CONSORT' SALOON

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